


AN AUTUMN TOUR
IN THE
UNITED STATES
AND
CANADA



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BY
ANDREW IREDALE.

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5/2/02

TORQUAY:
GEORGE H. IREDALE
1901.

INTRODUCTION.

At intervals during recent years the members of my family have often, in a vague and light-hearted way, talked of a possible prospective trip to the United States and Canada.

The idea was always regarded as visionary ; but there was a fascination about it that induced us to return to it again and again.

In the evening of a pleasant day in July of last year the conversation in the family circle was directed to a forthcoming holiday, and almost unconsciously we reverted to the old topic. In less time than it has taken to write these few lines a tour to the United States in the ensuing Autumn had been resolved upon.

The unexpected had happened.

Without delay I booked passages on the Cunard steamship "Umbria" for myself, for my daughter, and for my younger son.

We sailed from Liverpool for New York on the 15th of September ; and the rough notes I made during our travels have furnished the basis of a memoir which many friends have thought might interest others besides our own inner circle.

I—not without misgiving—trust it may.

A. I.

Edgerton, Torquay,

July, 1901.

AN AUTUMN TOUR

IN THE

UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

CHAPTER I.

NEW YORK—ITS HOTELS—CENTRAL PARK—ELECTRIC TRAMS.

Leaving Liverpool at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th of September, 1900, the *Umbria* reached Sandy Hook on the morning of Sunday, the 23rd, at two o'clock. The Cunarder cast anchor to await daylight and the medical officer, who has to satisfy himself that a ship has a clean bill of health before she is allowed to enter New York harbour. At six o'clock the great liner was again under weigh for two hours' sail to the Cunard Wharf, which we reached shortly after eight o'clock.

It was an interesting sight to watch the transfer of the mails to the U.S. mailboat, which met us in the Sound. One can form no conception of the volume of correspondence passing from this country to Canada and America, and to the islands in the Pacific, from the figures issued by the Post Office.

All the mail bags were drawn from the hold and stacked on the lower deck early in the morning in readiness for transfer. I was curious to gauge their bulk, so I took the dimensions, which were 90 feet long by 6 feet high, by 6 feet broad, giving a cubical measurement of 3,240 feet ; and even this did not include the registered mail matter.

At 10.30 our luggage had been examined by a customs' official—in our case a mere matter of form—and our family party of three were free to set out on our adventures in the United States. The first feature of New York to attract the eye of a stranger is the enormous height of many of its buildings—the sky-scrapers, on which an interesting illustrated article appeared recently in the *Strand* magazine. The rapid elevator makes one storey almost as accessible as another. There is little or no difference in time and none in exertion, whether you visit the third storey or the twentieth. During our stay at the Manhattan Hotel we were on the twelfth floor, the charge for rooms there being exactly the same as on the fourth.

The streets are generally wide and exceedingly long. I do not exaggerate when I say that many are miles in length, and that the house numbers run up to over 3,000. In many of the leading thoroughfares the roads are fairly good, in some few very good, with asphalt surfaces, but in the majority of cases they are bad, and unworthy of the great city of New York. The same remarks apply to the foot pavements. It

requires constant watchfulness to avoid inequalities of surface, raised gratings, and other obstacles inimical to the safety of pedestrians. The authorities are decidedly backward in these matters, and have work before them which will cost millions of dollars, and occupy years, before they reach the English standard of well-kept streets.

In New York, as in almost all the large cities of our own country, the necessity for walking no longer exists. People do not walk, and there is danger of walking becoming "a lost art." The very heart of the city is penetrated by tram lines. Broadway is the main artery of New York, and from Broadway the topographically well-informed traveller can by the electric cars reach every, even the most distant, part of the city, for the sum of five cents. There is only one fare for long or short distances. Whether it be 100 yards or seven miles out, the fare is five cents. There is great convenience in the transfer system, which enables one to change to cross-town or other cars off the main line, and thus reach places to the right or the left, as may be required, without paying an additional fare. The service is good, and the cars are comfortable and commodious, some closed after the fashion of a railway carriage, others open with seats crosswise facing the direction of travel. No matter in what direction a passenger wishes to travel, he never need wait more than a minute or two; the close succession of cars is wonderful.

The best of all systems—the conduit system—is in operation in New York. There are no unsightly and dangerous poles alongside the streets ; no overhead wires drawn along the centre of the roadway, a constant menace to unsuspecting pedestrians ; the cars glide along propelled by an unseen force and by unseen means.

The trams are owned and worked in the cities of the States and in Canada by private companies, who pay to the municipal authorities certain percentages on their gross takings, for the privilege of using and breaking up the streets. The municipalities do not trade, but are the recipients of enormous sums from concessions made to trading companies. There may be, and probably are, exceptions, but this is the common practice.

Difficulties are bound to arise in all large cities, through the fact of the great bulk of the traffic concentrating in the business centre of the place, and this difficulty is apparent in New York. In the most congested streets the electric cars are most numerous. The fact holds good in London with respect to the 'busses, but in a more aggravated form. The traffic in New York pales beside that of London, but it is still large enough to demand relief, and that is to be provided by an underground railway, which is at present in course of construction, to be worked, I was informed, on the same principle as the "Tuppenny Tube" in London.

Progress is apparent on every hand, and that

progress is being directed by experience and the exigencies of the situation. No further extensions of the overhead railway system are likely to be tolerated. It is a blot on the face of the city. There are times when men's minds can be so influenced as to sacrifice beauty and order to ugliness and convenience. Just imagine an overhead railway supported by massive pillars of timber running twenty-five feet above the roadway along the centre of Regent Street, in London, or the Torbay Road, in Torquay, and you will be able to form an estimate of its unsightliness in the streets of New York.

One feature worthy of remark and of envy, to which I wish to call particular attention, is the clearness and cleanliness of the atmosphere in New York. By means of the elevator we ascended to the roof of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, fifteen stories high, in order to have a view of the city. The panorama was magnificent, extending far away over islands and rivers, made more beautiful by a clear air and a clear sky. No dense volumes of poisonous and grimy smoke obscured our view; no smuts blackened the fine marble buildings which formed so bright and conspicuous a feature of the city, nor besmirched the delicate toilettes of the ladies. By law, householders, manufacturers, steamship owners, and all others are compelled to burn anthracite or smokeless coal. The saving to the community must be immense, to the shopkeeper as well as to the private citizen. Cuffs, collars, and fine linen,

curtains and household lingerie last longer, and are saved something of the wear and tear of repeated washing.

Contrast this with London, and other populous cities, aye, even with Torquay, a select winter health resort, and we come out of the test with soiled reputations.

Our hotel was within a short distance of the Central Park, the Hyde Park of New York, so we found it an agreeable diversion on two occasions to sit for an hour and watch the driving on its fashionable boulevard. The vehicles were of every conceivable pattern, many very smart, others decidedly *outré*. It is only fair to say that the season had not yet commenced, and that the best people had not returned to town from their country residences. I was interested in the names of these unfamiliar conveyances, and by the kindness of an accompanying friend was taught to distinguish between the buggy, the cut-under, the sulky, the dayton, the coupé, and the spindle waggon. I am no judge of horses, but had a competent one with me, and it was with regard to horseflesh that the criticism was most severe. "The horses cannot hold a candle to those of Hyde Park." "The general turn-out is neither so smart nor so good." "Things look third-rate as compared with ours." This, too, was my own opinion, but I should have hesitated to express it on my slender knowledge of such matters.

In the matter of hotels I most readily admit

that it would be difficult to beat New York. The first and foremost, both for size and luxuriousness, is undoubtedly the Waldorf-Astoria. It covers an immense area, is fifteen storeys high, has a staff of 1,400 men, women and boys, and accommodation for 2,000 guests. Its magnificent ball-room is upholstered and decorated with a richness that suggests the "Arabian Nights." "It is a dream," as some ladies said when viewing its beauties. The rent alone for an evening's entertainment is £200. The cost of feasting one's friends with regal fare and music and other diversions in such a noble hall can only be borne by millionaires. It is not given to ordinary mortals to indulge in such prodigality. Perhaps the best conception of the vastness of the hotel may be formed from the fact that the cost of the building was 12,000,000 dollars, and of the furnishing 3,000,000 dollars. I need not say that there are no cheap bedrooms nor cheap dinners to be had here; sixteen shillings per night is, I believe, the smallest sum charged for a room. Attached to every bedroom is a bath-room, with hot and cold water. We were fortunate in having a friend staying in the hotel, who kindly showed us its leading features.

American hotels are, as a rule, most comfortable as to their bedrooms; the beds, furniture, carpets, and the lavatory arrangements are all that could be desired. The hall, or business floor, is always large and imposing, and it is here that one may sit and smoke and see the life of the place. It provides an

ever-changing scene. Here is the office of the hotel, the post office, the telegraph office, with the everlasting and monotonous click of the instruments, the telephone office, type writer, the book and newspaper stall, the railway and steamboat office, the cigar stall, the baggage office, and here, too, are the numerous clerks and officials necessary for the business of the hotel. In the more recent buildings the grand hall is invariably of white marble—marble floors, marble pillars, marble dados, marble stairs, marble everything. Frescoes are an important decoration, and the study of the artist is to depict memorable scenes in the history of the American Continent.

The American bill of fare is a formidable document. I have counted over 350 items upon it; eggs alone have run to twenty varieties of treatment, and steaks and chops occupy even a larger space. Hotels generally are run upon the "European" plan—that is, a fixed sum is charged for the bedroom, and the visitor is at liberty to take his meals either in the hotel or elsewhere. Upon the bill of fare every item, or dish, or article of food or fruit, is charged at a printed price for a portion or half-portion, so that one may order as the palate, or appetite, or pocket dictates. A plate of oatmeal porridge, with cream, at breakfast, is 20 cents; or, say a Porterhouse steak, full portion, 2 dollars, or 2.50. You may order as little or as much as you like.

There is no charge for attendance in the

American hotels, a feature which our English hotels might copy with advantage. To charge for attendance and then by custom be bound to tip the servants, from the chambermaid to the boots, and all who come between, is an imposition which is impatiently borne.

CHAPTER II.

WALL STREET, NEW YORK—AMERICA'S STOCK EXCHANGE
—AN INTRUDER—NEW YORK A COSMOPOLITAN CITY
—THE UNITED STATES' TREASURY—DEPARTMENTAL
STORES—HIGH PRICES—AMERICANS' APPRECIATION OF
LONDON—PICTURE GALLERIES.

One of New York's most famous institutions is the Stock Exchange in Wall Street. Its reputation is world-wide, and its doings are chronicled day by day in every daily newspaper in Great Britain. The building is a spacious one, with a gallery for the public along one of its sides, wherein it differs from its venerable and most respectable and exclusive namesake in London. The floor of the hall is sacred to the jobbers and dealers whose business is in stocks and shares, and woe betide the stranger who strays within its gates. To say that the place resembles a bear-garden under ordinary business conditions can only faintly convey to the reader an idea of the babel and uproar that prevail, but it was my good fortune to witness a scene rarely enacted in the presence of strangers. An innocent visitor had inadvertently evaded the vigilance of the janitors

and found his way to the floor of the "House." He was instantly detected, and became the centre of a seething and howling mob, as wild as a set of schoolboys; the proceedings reminded me of the vagaries of a football match under the Rugby rules. His hat vanished in an instant, his coat was pulled over his head and twisted about his body, he was hustled to the right and to the left, forward and backward; there were scores of assailants, who hemmed in and buzzed about him like bees. It was great sport to the tormentors, and afforded Wall Street a diversion. However, all's well that ends well; the assailants were a good-tempered and jolly lot; they had had their fun, and the trespasser was allowed to escape. How business requiring careful calculation and calm judgment can be transacted in the midst of such distracting surroundings passes my comprehension. The shouting of the members, the excited groups of dealers, the rushing to and fro of messengers, make the place a veritable pandemonium. Add to these the exasperating click of scores of telegraphic instruments, and the constant posting of prices from distant places, and the wonder is that men retain their sanity. Yet business is done, and fortunes are made—and lost.

In the neighbourhood of Wall Street and in adjacent Broadway is concentrated the chief financial mercantile, shipping, and professional business of the city. Here one would expect to meet the class of men one associates with the like centre in London,

and probably one does, but with a marked difference. The City man in London is scrupulously got up in frock-coat and a glossy tall hat. In New York the frock-coat and tall hat are a rarity. The City men wear morning coats and bowlers, locally known as "Derbys." There may be more comfort in the style, but there is a lack of smartness.

New York is a cosmopolitan city. Its millions are made up of people from all parts of the world, the old countries of Europe, particularly, having poured in their scores of thousands of surplus population. The great Presidential struggle is now going on, and election literature must keep many presses going, for the electors have to be reached through not less than a dozen languages.

I was greatly impressed by the preponderance of German names on the signs and door-plates of mercantile houses in Broadway. Our Teutonic competitors are vigorous and enterprising wherever money is to be made, and they make good and respectable citizens.

By the courtesy of a gentleman whom I met on the *Umbria*, Mr. Woodlock, one of the proprietors of the *Wall Street Journal*, a paper devoted to finance, we were introduced to the chief officials of the United States Sub-Treasury in New York, who very kindly conducted us through the secret places of this great treasure-house. We were literally surrounded by millions of money, and were privileged to handle millions without feeling any increased

sense of richness. In answer to one of our party, who was holding U.S. bills in her hand to the value of five million pounds, our polite friends said they had no personal objection to her retaining and walking off with them, but that there was a "little rule" of the establishment that blocked the way.

The pensions paid to the survivors of the Civil War, and to the widows and orphans and relatives of those who fell during the great struggle, are dealt with here, and occupy a considerable staff of clerks. There is still a vast number on the pension roll.

Incredible as it may seem, there are to this day pensioners on the State whose claims date from the period of American Independence, 1776. These claims are being gradually extinguished.

In consequence of the heavy rents and rates on premises in the heart of the city, business is frequently conducted under great difficulties in respect to space. This was most apparent in the office of the *Wall Street Journal*. Mr. Woodlock conducted us through his printing department. Here, in an extensive basement, are the compositors, proof-readers, the stereo plant, the printing presses, engines and boilers, and all the accessories required in the production of a daily paper. It was crowded to inconvenience, but it was a marvel of economical arrangement ; there was not a square inch of space wasted.

To attempt to describe the business houses and business methods in New York would be a hopeless

task. London and the large towns of our own country can hold their own, with something to spare. We inspected many of the large shops, and explored the departmental stores, examined the goods, enquired the prices, and came to the conclusion that quality for quality, our prices are from 25 to 50 per cent. lower than theirs. Of course this comes of the policy of Protection, which so far seems to have prospered local industry, and is held as a cardinal principle by almost all American politicians whom I met. English and Continental goods are displayed in great variety and abundance, and find a ready sale, notwithstanding the well-nigh prohibitive tariff.

The departmental stores resemble nothing so much as huge bazaars, with this advantage over the bazaars, that you can walk through them without being pestered at every turn to buy that which you don't want. They are thronged with all sorts and conditions of people, some bent on curiosity, some enjoying an amusing pastime, and some intent on business.

Wealthy Americans are great travellers. Out of 384 saloon passengers on board the *Umbria*, there were probably 300 Americans homeward bound. Of these eighty had been on a pilgrimage to Rome and Lourdes, and they had taken the opportunity of "doing" Europe and visiting England. Many were priests of the Roman Catholic Church. Another large party had been "personally conducted" by

Gaze over the beaten tracks of the Continent and to the show places of Great Britain. I had many interesting conversations with these, my fellow voyagers. They had seen Rome, Florence, Paris, Brussels; some had visited Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna, and the picture galleries in these cities; they had all been to London, to Westminster Abbey, the Tower, and the National Gallery. I sought for their impressions and their preferences. Almost with one accord they fixed upon London. All the other cities had some features which left pleasant memories—the grand old cathedrals, the ancient castles, the historic buildings, the great picture galleries and museums; but London stood out pre-eminent. There was no place like London. They say it is far behind New York in its facilities for locomotion; its streets are narrow, much of its architecture quaintly remarkable; it is more smoky; but they like it, they love it, and would not have it changed. Ah! they say, preserve your London, and guard what is left of its old-world character from the assaults of the iconoclast.

Speaking of picture galleries, I was strongly advised not to visit those of America because they would compare so badly with our own, but I urged that for many years past men of taste and means had on every possible occasion secured by competition in London, Paris, and elsewhere, some of the grand works of European masters for the galleries of the States. It is often said, and said reproachfully, that

many of our rare art-productions and books are allowed to go to American buyers. So I resolved to inspect the paintings in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Astor Collection in the Lenox Library.

The Americans have no reason to speak timidly or doubtingly of these collections. They are worthy of the city, and form the basis of what will eventually be a proud possession. In the Metropolitan Museum, the old Dutch and Flemish schools are represented by examples of Teniers, father and son, Frans Hals, Wouvermans, Van Dyck, Jan Steen, Peter Paul Rubens, Hondius, Ostade, Jan Both, Franz Snyders, Hobbema, Quentin Matsys, Rembrandt, Albrecht Dürer, and many other famous artists; the Italian by Correggio, Ghirlandajo, Fra Bartolomeo, Titian, Guardi, and others; the French by Meissonier, Millet, Corot, Rosa Bonheur; and the English by works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Constable, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Geo. Morland, Lord Leighton, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Turner, and a host of other eminent Britons. A patriotic flavour characterises Gallery V, which contains paintings by Americans and other artists relating to events in American History.

In the Astor Collection, again, although on a much smaller scale, there are many precious works by great masters, including Landseer, Nasmyth, Sir Peter Lely, Turner, Gainsborough, Constable, Sir David Wilkie, as well as French, Italian, Dutch, and

Spanish examples. Not a bad list for a city which is supposed to devote itself almost exclusively to trade and money-making, and which has no leisured class.

CHAPTER III.

THE HUDSON : ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS — THE
ADVERTISING FIEND — THE CITY OF ALBANY — PUBLIC
LIBRARIES — BUFFALO — LAKE ERIE — FALLS OF
NIAGARA.

The space devoted to New York in my notes may seem to have exceeded the importance and interest of the themes with which I have dealt, but New York, if it is not the “ Hub of the Universe,” is at least the Empire City of the States, and may be considered as fairly representative and typical of the life of the Northern cities.

But let us move on. Our itinerary for the Northern tour embraced Albany, Niagara Falls, Toronto, and Montreal, and each place is worthy of a passing note. It is a country of distances, of railroads, rivers, and lakes. When the weather is favourable it is much pleasanter to travel on the fine steamers which ply on the rivers and lakes than to be cooped up in a railroad car ; and the Hudson has many attractions for the tourist, both in its scenery and its historical associations. Its banks rise in places to a commanding height, and their slopes are

covered with a great wealth of foliage. Now and again one was reminded of the Dart (which is but a moorland stream compared with the Hudson), by the trees coming down level with the water's edge. The autumn tints of the hickory and the maple were just deepening in all their American brilliancy. Small towns were dotted here and there, and one, Yonkers, a summer resort frequented by the people of New York, was by its situation suggestive of Torquay.

As upon the Rhine, the railways run at the base of the cliffs, parallel with the river, thus affording unobstructed views of the opposite bank.

Many famous events in the struggle for Independence occurred on the banks of the Hudson ; the names of General Burgoyne, Colonel Arnold and Major André will occur to the mind of the student of history. West Point, the Military College of the United States, where the famous General Grant received his military education, is here, and occupies a prominent position. To lovers of literature the mention of the Hudson will call up memories of Washington Irving, and his immortal creation " Rip Van Winkle." The Catskill Mountains are seen in the distance.

But there is a blot on the fair face of the landscape. The advertising fiend has disfigured the beauty spots by his giant hoardings and brazen notices of quack medicines. At every turn one's sense of the fitness of things is offended by these baneful incongruities. If heavily taxed, they would

yield a good income to the State, or they might be relegated to some more suitable locality. The excellent captain of the steamer *Albany* complained bitterly of the increase of these abominations.

The city of Albany, the capital of the State of New York, stands on rising ground on the banks of the Hudson. It is fair to look upon from the river, and seemed to me somewhat English in character. Its commanding feature is the State House, with its magnificent marble front, its marble halls, and marble staircases. The work of building and decoration occupied fifteen years and cost thirty-one million dollars. Here are the Senate House and House of Representatives, the State courts and State offices.

Public libraries are a prominent feature in all American cities. Large sums are spent by the respective States and Municipalities in providing noble buildings and in enriching them with the world's literature. I was conducted through the Library at Albany after eight o'clock in the evening; the doors close at ten; I remained till the last minute. All that experience has shown to be advantageous in the arrangement of shelves, in the classification and numbering of books, and in facilities of access and ready delivery, have been adopted here. A question had arisen on board the steamer as to the parentage of one of our leading authoresses, and before leaving the library I thought I would test how far they were up to date in books of reference. I called for "Who's Who" for 1900.

In less than one minute it was placed in my hands. I don't know whether there are many lawyers in Albany, but there are law books in its library (35,000 volumes) sufficient to puzzle and confuse even all the lawyers of Philadelphia.

From Albany, by the Empire State Express, claimed to be one of the finest and fastest trains in the world, we sped on to Buffalo. *En route*, we passed by the cities of Troy, Utica, and Syracuse; literally, we passed through business streets of the latter city, on the street levels, the bell of the engine clanging its warning to pedestrian and driver, and to children playing by the wayside. I may at a later period devote a little space to a few observations on the railway systems of the States; the contrast with ours is indeed great. At Buffalo we got our first view of an American lake, Lake Erie, which is tapped by the Niagara River. A short railway journey, and we arrive at the city of Niagara Falls.

So much has been written about the Falls of Niagara that I forbear any attempt at description; it would be presumptuous to venture upon it. The Falls were grand; far beyond our anticipations. Many visitors are, I believe, disappointed at first sight of the Falls, are not sufficiently impressed with their vast magnitude. They have conjured up in their minds something mightier than even Nature has fashioned. Our first view was in the gloaming of a quiet and peaceful day, and within half-an-hour of our arrival in the town. There

was no need to enquire the way. The air was full of the roar of many waters.

Next morning we were favoured with a bright sun and a clear sky, an ideal day for visiting the Falls. We saw them from all points of view : from the American and Canadian shores, from Goat Island, Lune Island, from the islands of the Three Sisters, and from the deck of the "Maid of the Mist." Standing upon Lune Island, between the Central and the American Falls, we were impressed with the immensity of the volume of falling waters and the almost deafening roar. The floating clouds of eternal spray were lit up by the rays of the sun, and the wonderful spectacle of a brilliant rainbow far below was a sight which can only be seen at Niagara.

To go under the Falls is an adventure not to be lightly undertaken. It is necessary to remove every scrap of one's own clothes, and to don the flannels and oilskins which are specially provided. The transformation is complete. A mother would not recognise her own daughter rigged out in a bloomer costume, with leggings and boots, and sou'wester hat. The descent to the "Cave of the Winds" is by a long stairway, and to the on-looker it seems a perilous one, but it is as nothing compared to the exciting experience of walking on what seems to be a frail bridge with slight handrail, through the beating of the dense spray in front of the Falls, in order to reach the path which leads to the rock shelf behind. Here the noise is deafening, the spray is blinding, and the rush

of air so great as to take away one's breath. Hence it is known as the "Cave of the Winds." One can neither see, hear, nor speak, and can breathe only in gasps. The juvenile members of my party indulged their spirit of adventure. I remained on terra firma. We afterwards saw from the deck of "The Maid of the Mist" a portion of the dangerous path they had trodden; it might have damped their courage had they seen this view before.

Photographs of the Falls do not convey an adequate idea of their immense magnitude, nor yet of their awe-inspiring majesty.

Visitors to Niagara are considered fair game to be plucked by the numerous caterers for the supposed wants of the stranger. They evidently go on the principle that a man will only visit there once, and that "a bird in hand is worth two in the bush." Where prices are fixed and known, they are high, but where they depend upon an estimate of the victim's vulnerable good nature, they are exorbitant, and it is necessary to keep a firm hand on the purse strings.

A gentleman I met, who had visited the Falls, told me a story of his sorry plight there. He had paid his dollar to risk his life by visiting the Cave of the Winds, and when in the most terrible and risky part of the journey, the guide turned upon him and said, "It is usual to remember the guide when here, sir." The gentleman was horror-struck; he was in oil-skins; he had no pockets; he was helpless;

and his money was in a tin box one hundred and fifty feet above. However, he promised to pay the tribute when restored to liberty: he would have promised anything under such conditions. I told him I thought it an uncommonly good joke on the part of the guide, but he viewed the matter more seriously than I did.

I should have been glad, but for reasons of time, to devote some space to a description of the works of the Niagara Falls Power Company. The engineers have harnessed Niagara, and the possibilities in this direction are boundless. The Company own about two miles of river frontage and 1,100 acres of land in the city. They have ten dynamos of 5,000 electric horse-power each, about 15,000 horse-power of which is transmitted to Buffalo, Lockport and Depew. From the generating station to Buffalo is 31 miles. I saw the outfalls at Niagara, but unfortunately had not time to visit the works.

CHAPTER IV.

HIGH PRICES IN AMERICA —RENT, FOOD, AND CLOTHING ALL
DEARER THAN IN ENGLAND — FRUIT CHEAP — “ THE
LADY OF THE SNOWS ” —LAKE ONTARIO—MEETING OLD
FRIENDS.

We were loth to leave Niagara, for there is a fascination about it that is almost irresistible. The Gorge—and the River from the Falls to its junction with Lake Ontario may well be described as a Gorge—with its steep and, in places, almost perpendicular banks, richly clad with trees and undergrowth, reminded one of the beauties of the Aar at Berne. There is a peaceful air about the scene, in marked contrast to the treacherous waters below, for here are the terrible Whirlpool Rapids, through which neither man nor man's handiwork can pass unscathed.

At Lewiston, at the foot of Niagara River, we joined the steamer for Lake Ontario.

So far I have said little about the prices of articles of daily need, either of food or clothing, as compared with the prices at home, and what little I may say will not

encourage one lightly to give up the old country to try his fortunes in the new. Things are dear in America; very dear. My experience is that the purchasing power of one pound at home is equal to thirty shillings there, and I come to that conclusion, not simply from my own observation, but after much inquiry amongst residents. Rents, food, clothing, and almost all the necessities of every-day life, are much higher in price, with, perhaps, one or two notable exceptions, such as fruit and boots.

I am led to make these remarks in this particular place by way of contrast. When going on board the steamer at Lewiston we had a pleasant surprise. Baskets of fruit were offered for sale and we bought one. It contained four choice peaches, four large bunches of grapes, and eight fine rich plums. It was a great treat. The lusciousness of that newly-picked fruit would have satisfied the most fastidious gourmet. How rich it was and fresh! The price for the lot was sevenpence halfpenny, including the big chip basket. Compare this with the charges at the hotels, where a peach was 15 cents and grapes were 25 cents per bunch.

This is a great fruit-growing country, with a fertile soil. It is the country which Kipling has christened "The Lady of the Snows," a title the Canadians are disposed to resent. Bound up in the winter in snow and ice, the land gives bountifully of its riches in summer and autumn. Tons of peaches, carefully packed, were placed on board our

steamer for the Toronto market, and the captain informed me that on one day in that week he had shipped not less than seventy tons. It is not all profit to the grower, however. The cost of transit in some districts is so heavy that it does not pay to pick and pack, hence many tons which would be much appreciated in the English market are left to rot where they fall.

Pressure has been brought to bear upon the Canadian Government with a view to improve the facilities, both by road and rail, for bringing fruit-growers' and farmers' produce to market. When this shall have been accomplished, and there is every probability that something will be done soon, the wealth of the Dominion and the enterprise of its people will be greatly promoted. The existing country roads can only be described as "tracks;" they are of loose soft earth, and have never been made, as we understand, a made road.

The traffic on the Lakes, those great inland seas, is much greater than we anticipated. On the banks of Lake Ontario there are many small towns and villages, all contributing their quota of corn, fruit, and lumber to the volume of trade, and I was told that year by year trade is rapidly increasing as the people extend and develop their possessions. We spent many hours on Lake Ontario on our journey from Lewiston to Toronto, where we arrived late in the evening. For a considerable time before arriving there the lights of the city were visible, extending

along a front which seemed to be miles in length. In the darkness of the night it made an imposing picture, reminding us of that most fairy-like and pleasing of all the views of Torquay, the view from the station end of the Torbay Road on a calm and clear evening.

Toronto is a city of fine, wide streets, laid out in straight lines, on the American plan, with intersections at right angles. Built on the shores of the Lake, it occupies a peculiarly level site; and one may go for miles without the fatigue of climbing a hill. On all the main lines of streets electric cars run at frequent intervals, carrying large numbers of passengers, the fare for all distances being five cents. The proprietary company here, as in American cities, enjoys many advantages; the population is great—220,000; and there are no severe gradients to add to the cost of working.

We had looked forward with pleasure to meeting some old Torquay friends now settled in Toronto, and we were not disappointed; indeed there were pleasures in store upon which we had not calculated. A trite expression says that the world is very small. More than 3,000 miles away from home, seated at our first breakfast in the hotel, a gentleman approached and accosted me by name. As may be easily imagined, I was quite taken aback, and could scarcely realise that it was Mr. Foster, of Kingskerswell, who addressed me. Accompanied by his wife, he had been travelling in Canada, and they were now

enjoying a few days' rest in Toronto. We were delighted to see them.

An hour afterwards, and within one hundred and fifty yards of the hotel, I found the place of business of a well-known and worthy Torquay man, Mr. Charles Wreyford. I had not apprised him of my coming, and he was somewhat startled when he realised that he had a visitor from far-away Torquay. It was a pleasant meeting. For many years we had known each other at home; indeed, I had known him from his school-boy days, and had been associated with him as a member of the original Torquay Parliamentary Debating Society. We had many things to talk about, not only about the old days, but about the country of his adoption: its people, its customs, its politics and methods of business; so we arranged to meet again a day or two later, when time and surroundings were more favourable to the unfolding of memories and to that enjoyment which comes of good-fellowship. Mr. Wreyford was a genial host. The time passed too quickly, as it always does when, after years of absence, one meets old friends who have a thousand matters to talk about, and who have in common many reminiscences of men, events, and circumstances in their old homes. We parted reluctantly, and all too soon, for on the morrow we had other scenes to visit.

Toronto yielded us many surprises and many pleasures. During the forenoon of our first day we

welcomed a visit from Professor Rigby, of Trinity College, who has many friends in Torquay, and whose work at St. John's Church is remembered with grateful appreciation by its congregation.

Before many hours had passed we were entertained in true English fashion by Mr. and Mrs. Rigby in their bright Canadian home at St. Hilda's College. It seemed like old times to us. I had had the good fortune to make Mrs. Rigby's acquaintance three years ago, when they were on a visit to Torquay, so we were not strangers to each other. The evening was most enjoyably spent in recalling to mind the many friends at home, and in kindly enquiries after their welfare. Torquay, I found, often rises pleasantly on the mental vision of those who have spent happy times there in the days of long ago, and who are now settled, or are seeking their fortunes, in distant lands.

The Professor is Dean of his College, and under his guidance I had the advantage of inspecting the halls, the library, the chapel, and other features of this valuable institution. It was vacation time, the students not being in residence, but some few football enthusiasts had returned in order to practice for matches which were shortly to be contested. Football in Canada and the States differs materially from the mild forms of the Rugby and Association games practised in England. It is a more warlike game. Padded on arms and shoulders and breasts, padded on legs and knees, with heads enclosed in a

cage of steel, like cavaliers of old prepared for a bout in a tournament, they enter the fray as if it were a battle of armour-clads, rather than a friendly contest in athletics.

But this is a digression. Professor Rigby still renders the Church good service. He was announced to preach the Harvest Festival Sermon at Grace Church on Sunday morning. This was an opportunity not to be disregarded, and the rare treat of listening to an earnest and thoughtful discourse by one whose voice had for years been familiar to us at St. John's rendered our delightful visit to Toronto still more enjoyable.

CHAPTER V.

CHURCH SERVICE IN TORONTO—WOMEN CHORISTERS IN
SURPLICES—DIVERSE STYLES OF ARCHITECTURE—
TORONTO'S ENTERPRISE AND PROGRESS—ITS CITY
HALL—ITS COURTS OF JUSTICE—MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

One expects to see strange sights when travelling in strange lands, but it would be impossible within the limits of these brief notes to tell of all we saw in the way of novelty.

At Grace Church in Toronto the service is, with slight differences, the same as in the English Church at home. It was a bright musical service, the Psalms and Creed and Te Deum were sweetly and reverently rendered by choir and congregation. The choir consisted of men and women; there is nothing novel in that, but they all wore surplices. Just imagine a dozen or more young ladies all beautifully clad in spotless white, each with her hair artistically done up in a uniform fashion and surmounted with a small square of velvet as a crowning glory, and you may form some idea of the attractiveness of that choir. I mentioned this a few days ago to a Devonian friend, a great stickler for order in the

church, when he somewhat sarcastically asked me whether they looked like angels, and I answered that the resemblance, barring the wings, bore the nearest approach I had ever seen in the flesh to those angelic ideals of artists, ancient and modern, with which we are all familiar.

While writing on this pleasing feature of my travels, I am reminded of a story which I have read since my return. In a London suburban church, with a mixed choir, the ladies protested against being arrayed in surplices, perhaps unwilling to be confounded with the gentlemen of the choir, who were clothed in the orthodox fashion ; perhaps, too, because they preferred to sport more fashionable costumes. The clergyman combated their arguments for some time, and then, to their amazement, finally laid down the law : " Surplices or nothing." The blushing damsels accepted the surplices.

Canadians are famed for their hospitality, and when one's time is limited it is difficult to so arrange it as to meet the cordially-pressed wishes of one's hosts.

Professor Smith, an old friend of my son-in-law's family, immediately upon hearing of our arrival, called upon us at our hotel, and gave us a hearty greeting. He and his good wife, and the several members of his family, entertained us most generously. By their kindness we were enabled to get a good idea of the residential districts of the city. The roads were not model ones, nor good for driving.

but our friends were experienced whips, and on familiar ground. A characteristic feature of these roads, however, is the abundant growth of shrubs and trees. These are freely planted along the borders of the roads and the side walks, and form delightful avenues, and in the summer time afford a welcome shade.

In Toronto styles of architecture are most diverse, and not by any means the conceptions of the brain of some two or three men, as is the case in Torquay and Cockington. Fancy has been given full play, with the result that almost every house in the city's charming suburbs has features peculiar unto itself. Again, these houses are almost all detached, and stand in their own grounds, with lawns in front, in the majority of instances unenclosed, a peculiarity we had previously noticed at Niagara Falls.

It was our privilege to visit many of these verandahed houses, and to enjoy the comfort of their interiors. They are so built as to withstand the extreme cold of winter and the excessive heat of summer, and they have snug cosy corners in which one is tempted to linger.

In the basement are fixed the boilers and furnaces, almost automatic in their action, and consuming comparatively little coal, which in the winter months warm by means of pipes the halls and corridors and rooms. The temperature can be so regulated as to suit the necessities or fancies of the residents. Such a dangerous risk as we English run

by thoughtlessly going from a warm dining-room into draughty passages and icy-cold bedrooms is never ventured by the sensible Canadian.

It was in one of these beautiful Canadian homes that we were entertained by a descendant of the famous linguist and author, Elihu Burritt, the author of "Sparks from the Anvil," and of "A Walk from London to John o'Groat's," and of many other works of great interest, illustrating the social economy of the industrial classes of his time in England and America. These are works but little known to the present generation. Indeed, Mr. Burritt told me that for years past his connection with the famous blacksmith, of whom he was justly proud, had never been suggested by any visitor.

I have written rather fully upon these matters because one cannot over-estimate the wholesome influence of the cheerful and attractive surroundings of home-life, nor realise how much these are calculated to improve the character and add to the contentment of the people.

Toronto can boast of much enterprise and progress. In 1817 its population was 1,200. To-day it is a city of magnificent buildings—its University, its churches, its hospitals, its schools, its banks, and warehouses, and shops, are not excelled by those of any city of its size in our own country.

The municipal buildings are always an important feature in American and Canadian cities, and they generally occupy a central and commanding site.

Large sums of money are lavished upon them to make them worthy of the ambition of the City Fathers. The exteriors, so far as we have seen, are always massive and imposing, and are surmounted with dome, or tower, or spire, and the interiors are decorated and brightened with mural paintings by native artists of local historical subjects.

The City Hall in Toronto is a new building, not yet finished in all its parts, and occupies a considerable area. It is square-built, with façades on the four streets which bound it. At first sight these great town-halls seem to be large beyond the needs of the community, but on reflection one realises that here again there are differences in the method of conducting affairs between the Old Country and the New. The Courts of Justice are numerous and occupy many rooms. There are courts of all kinds, civil and criminal, and it seemed to me divisions of each. What a country it must be for the lawyers! Their door-plates are prominent in the business streets—barristers and solicitors. Then again there is the Council Chamber, the Mayor's parlour, the Town Clerk's offices, and all and sundry the offices of the municipality. The lightning elevators are always at work, rendering the upper floors as useful and accessible as those on the street level.

Another novel feature is that the side-walks in the suburbs, and in some cases in important town streets, are constructed of wood, with longitudinal bearings and transverse bars, with a short space

between each bar to allow of the melting snows to pass away quickly.

For the social side of life there is ample provision. Good clubs are numerous. I was introduced to one by a namesake whom I met, whose family seventy years ago left Yorkshire to settle in the New World. We were of the same stock, and he was most anxious to render us that service which heightens the pleasure of a traveller's visit to distant cities. But our time was spent. On the table of the reading room I was pleased to find a collection of London newspapers, notably the *Illustrated London News*, *The Graphic*, and *The Field*, besides several of our popular magazines and reviews.

Like Torquay, Toronto has its yacht club, its sailing and rowing clubs, and its canoe club, each with such a large number of members as would make our local managers envious of their great prosperity.

It also has its theatres and music-halls. By the courtesy of friends we saw an American conception of the story of the erring but vivacious "Nell Gwynne." The theatre was of fair capacity, well arranged, and comfortable. Miss Crossman was very happy in the title rôle, but Charles II. had an exponent as weak in his acting as Charles was in his regal and moral bearing.

On the morning of the 2nd of October we set out by the Grand Trunk Railway for Montreal, a distance of 337 miles. The line runs along the shores of Lake Ontario, through a rich and fertile

country. Evidence of careful and successful cultivation was everywhere visible. Our railway destination was Kingston, on the great St. Lawrence River, whence we could change to the steamer "Hamilton," pass by the "Thousand Islands," and thence to Montreal.

Kingston is an important Canadian riverside city, with wide streets, and many churches, and stately buildings, public and otherwise. Its business section might be traversed in fifteen minutes; its residential quarter is fresh-looking and pleasing to the eye, by reason of the trees and shrubs which grace its thoroughfares.

Having an hour or two to spare, we explored the place. Marriage customs and marriage announcements are always interesting to ladies and to aspiring young bachelors. We came across an announcement, prominently posted at the Registrar's office, on a board projecting into the public street, so that all who ran might read, which rather tickled our fancy. I will quote a portion of it *verbatim et literatim* :—

Whereas, Hezekiah Holdfast Hopkins, of Albany, New York State, printer, a bachelor, and Emma Sophrina Sykes, of Kingston, Ontario, a spinster, are determined to enter the holy state of matrimony, &c., &c.

"Hezekiah Holdfast Hopkins," and "Emma Sophrina Sykes," are both "determined!" It is so natural; and the alliteration is delightful. Novelists in search of character names fail ignominiously. Do novelists travel? The combinations one sees are

marvellous and suggestive, and would, I am sure, provide a rich harvest to a man gifted with an imagination.

The publicity of these marriage notices may be gratifying to the vanity of the young Canadians bent on connubial bliss, but I could not help raising the question as to how the young men and maidens of Torquay would view such prominent advertisement of their forthcoming nuptials, say, on the Strand.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND ITS THOUSAND ISLANDS—
MONTREAL—HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHU-
SETTS.

When, during the outward voyage, we were settling the details of our itinerary, there stood out prominently above all others two spots about which there could be no difference of opinion, the Falls of Niagara and the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River. These we must visit, whatever we might miss of the great cities, with their miles of monotonously straight streets, and their wildernesses of bricks and mortar.

Having seen one of the great sights of the world, we were now on the very eve of seeing a second, and were looking forward with delight to the wonders in store. It would be vain to attempt to describe the myriad islets which for fifty miles stud this noble and picturesque river.

To speak of The Thousand Islands is suggestive of Eastern fairy story or thrilling romance, of mysterious plot or startling adventure, for with the advent of the white man plot and adventure against

the native Indian for possession of these fruitful shores marked every step of the white man's progress. The scene from the deck of our steamer is one of picturesque grandeur. Now and again we seem to be sailing along a placid lake hemmed in on every side with richly-wooded coasts. Island clusters succeed each other, and lake succeeds lake. With equal truth this marvellous phase of Nature might be described as the Thousand Lakes. It is but a figure of speech to describe it as the Thousand Islands, for within the limits of the fifty miles there are not less than one thousand seven hundred of these "sylvan gems which deck a crystal stream." They are of all sizes, but miniature withal; miniature islands and miniature lakes. The steamer threads its way where no way is visible, through tortuous straits into new labyrinths, where all is beautiful, where an air of peaceful repose rests upon all around. What a violent contrast to the majestic and awe-inspiring Niagara, which we had so recently visited !

The night closed in upon us, but the navigation of these mazes was rendered easy by means of lights indicating the channels through which we could pass. The difficulties of navigation were neutralised by precaution, and by night or by day we felt that we were in trusty and experienced hands.

In the pleasant warmth of the evening we sat in the bow of the vessel speculating upon the ever-changing course and watching the beacons, which

were mysteries to us, but which were as an open book to those learned in the intricacies of this marvellous river.

On the larger islands are hotels and boarding houses, where busy men from distant cities may get away from the world of worry and enjoy perfect rest and change, and the rare luxury of doing nothing. An eminent author some time ago said to me that we English people had no idea of what a holiday meant; that we rushed about trying how much we could see and do in the shortest space of time, exhausting strength rather than restoring it. With him, he said, a holiday meant rest and laziness. The French had a truer notion of real rest than any other European people, for with them laziness had become a fine art. And here amongst these emerald isles that fine art may be cultivated without let or hindrance, to the mental and physical advantage of all who indulge in such pleasant hours of idleness.

Reluctantly we retired to our berths, knowing that with the morning light these scenes of loveliness would be left far behind.

Courting sleep on board a small paddle steamer to the accompaniment of the engine's thud and the beating of paddle wheels is not at all times an easy task.

After a few hours' rest we were early astir, anxiously looking forward to one of the excitements of this river trip, the shooting of the Cedar and the Lachine Rapids, but this pleasure was denied us.

The long drought had had its effect even upon this mighty river, and the Channel was too shallow to admit of the steamer's passage. An alternate route is provided in the extensive system of canals made by the Canadian Government, and going on deck in the early morning, we found ourselves slowly paddling along the smooth waters of the Lachine Canal. The locks are numerous, as the fall of the ground is considerable. The speed was certainly not exhilarating. For the sake of a little diversion, many of us, including ladies, walked along the banks from lock to lock, leaving the steamer far in the rear.

The Government have spent millions of dollars in making these supplementary waterways for the convenience and encouragement of traffic from the great lakes and rivers of the interior.

The river difficulties were got over by "portages" in former days, a word which will be familiar to readers of Fenimore Cooper's entertaining stories of Indian life, stories of war and adventure, which captivated the mind of the youth of the middle of the nineteenth century. Goods and canoes were then carried overland from point to point of the river to avoid the "Rapids" and shallows, which rendered navigation impossible.

We had frequent reminders, in the survival of the sweet and poetical names of the small towns and villages by which we passed, of the old days when the Indians held undisputed sway over these

fruitful plains. The lands are now the white man's; the red man has been relegated to a reservation, where his moral and religious training, and his temporal interests, are benevolently watched over by the descendants of those who, to use a mild expression, superseded him. What we are pleased to call "civilisation," is usually promoted in this fashion, when "inferior" races are concerned.

In the afternoon of the 4th of October we arrived at Montreal, the premier city of Canada. Standing on ground rising from the banks of the St. Lawrence, and having for a background a lofty and well-wooded hill, its situation is commanding and pleasing. It was at one time the seat of government, and the Canadian Parliament met here, but the smaller city of Ottawa now enjoys that distinction. There are evidences on every hand, from the quays on the river side to the residential quarters stretching far away on the hills, of great commercial prosperity. In one hundred and thirty years the population has grown from 5,000 to 300,000, and it is still progressive.

The Windsor Hotel, where we stayed, is a magnificent building, luxuriously furnished, and occupies a splendid site on Dominion Square, a spacious quadrangle of handsome buildings. The large hall of the hotel presented a scene of much animation. The "Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts," founded in 1638, was spending its "week" in Montreal, and its head-

quarters were at the Windsor. A banquet was inevitable ; it is the same in America and Canada as elsewhere ; almost any occasion affords excuse for men dining together, and on this, our first night, three hundred officers and men, all Bostonians, were to enjoy the 263rd Fall Field-day Banquet.

There were many grand old warriors there, men who had served their country during the great Civil War, and who were now in the sere and yellow leaf ; many who bore medals and clasps and decorations, but perhaps the proudest of them all was the colour-sergeant, who bore the scars of seven wounds, mementoes of that terrible struggle.

The new silken colours of the Company, beautifully embroidered, were displayed in the calm seclusion of the drawing-room, and here with becoming gravity a member mounted guard, fully uniformed and fully armed, and gallantly marched to and fro, with one eye on the colours and the other on the wondering spectators.

Amongst the invited guests were the Mayor, eminent and representative men of the city, learned men from the Universities, Admirals, and Generals, and Dominion officials. It was a grand function.

By the courtesy of one of the officers we were allotted places in the banqueting hall. I was curious to see something of the public and social side of life in the New World, and to listen to the after-dinner oratory of the American and the Canadian. The toasts of the Queen and of the President of the

United States were received with much enthusiasm. Soon all became fraternal, and the keynote of the speeches was the community of interest, which should always bind them together, and the fostering of eternal friendship. The most cultured speech of the evening was made by Principal Peterson, of the McGill University, who described himself as a Scotchman and a colonist, but not a foreigner. Referring to Great Britain and the United States, he gave expression to the sentiment, "Two nations, but one people"

After much hand-shaking, we all retired to rest that night feeling perfectly assured that never again would a cloud arise to disturb the good fellowship of this brotherhood of nations. And so may it be.

CHAPTER VII.

MONTREAL, A CITY OF INSTITUTIONS—ITS CHURCHES—
STATELY PUBLIC BUILDINGS — EDUCATION — THE
MCGILL UNIVERSITY—ITS LIBRARY.

Montreal is a city of institutions, and in passing I should like to give prominence to some of those which attracted our attention. It can boast of many magnificent churches ; indeed there is a palpably ecclesiastical air about the place. Architecturally the churches form a distinctly graceful feature and adorn many a noble thoroughfare. The premier position must be awarded to the Roman Catholics, who are largely in the ascendant in this city ; their cathedral is of vast proportions, and is built on the model of St. Peter's, Rome. It lacks the venerable appearance of our grand old English Minsters ; the hand of time has not yet mellowed it, but it is beautiful to look upon.

When casually walking along one of the principal streets, we were charmed by the grand exterior of what we conceived to be the cathedral of the episcopal diocese of Montreal. With its two noble towers, surmounted by well-proportioned and

graceful spires, it is a building worthy even of the high traditions of European architecture. Our surprise was great when informed on approaching nearer that it was a Methodist Church. What a contrast with the plain unlovely buildings which were associated with Methodism in the days of my youth ! Truly there has been great and welcome progress in this direction, a progress which is also apparent in the large towns of our own country.

Apropos of the abundance of churches, Mark Twain once humorously hit off this characteristic of Montreal by saying he had never before been in a city where one could not throw a brickbat without breaking a church window.

The public buildings are numerous and stately. The municipalities in these new countries spend with a prodigal hand ; they embellish their State Houses and their City Halls with a richness of marble and mosaic, of sculpture and painting, that suggests unlimited command of the ratepayers' money. Whether the ratepayers bear their burdens uncomplainingly I do not know, but it seems as if neighbouring cities vied with each other in their efforts to produce civic palaces of magnificence.

We were impressed by these features of the great city, and we were even more favourably impressed by the abundant provision made for the higher education of young men and young women, both here and in Toronto.

It is a most gratifying characteristic of the

people that education is prized by all classes, not simply in its elementary form, but in the more valuable and useful secondary and higher forms.

A learned writer recently said that real education only commenced with the development of the reasoning powers; before that, in the elementary stages, the instruction was simply a training in signs, symbols, and methods, which led up to an appreciation of the relationship of one thing to another.

England is far behind in the race. We too commonly draw the line at the signs and symbols. There is more prescience in the American character, and a greater readiness in the people to accept the advantages so abundantly offered. Neither in Manchester nor in Leeds, with their Owens' and their Yorkshire Colleges, nor in Birmingham, with its University and its Science and its Technical Schools, are such generous facilities afforded for the thorough study of the practical branches of human knowledge.

Much has been done and is still being done by the noble benefactions of men of wealth and patriotic impulse. The McGill University, endowed with great riches by its benevolent founder, is doing work which is bound to have its influence upon the future development and prosperity of the country.

By the kindness of a Cambridge friend we were provided with an introduction to Mr. Gould, the librarian of the University, who accorded us a hearty welcome. With obliging courtesy he conducted us

through every department of the extensive establishment over which he presides. He is a book-lover, and the time passed pleasantly in his company. The library is particularly rich in scientific and technical works, in works on art, literature, and history, and is extensively used by the students, who are encouraged to read and consult authorities on the subjects upon which they are engaged. The building was specially designed and equipped for library purposes. Every modern device for economising space and time, for classification, and for facility of access, has been adopted. A student's time is not wasted in tedious search by officials for a required book, the card-index will show at a glance whether it is in the library, and if so, its location.

During our visit we were introduced to Dr. Peterson, the Principal of the University, with whom we compared notes about the old country and the land of his adoption, and especially about Scotland, whence he came. He has the reputation of being a capable organiser, a scholarly man, and an admirable speaker.

We never seemed to get far away from Torquay. With surprising frequency we were meeting with Torquay men, or with people who have had some association with the place.

Torquay is creditably represented here in the persons of Professors Bovey and Moyse, both of whom are on the staff of the University, and with both of whom I have had the pleasure of acquaint-

ance for many years. Professor Bovey is Dean of Faculty of McGill, and presides over those important branches of technical education which are embraced in the engineering, the mechanical, and the electrical side of the college. There is no busier man than he, but he readily devoted himself to our pleasure, and conducted us through the numerous workshops, which are crowded with modern machinery of many kinds. We were greatly interested in some experiments on the strength and resistance of materials; a bar of red deal, about 3in. by $2\frac{1}{2}$ in., by 18 inches long, was placed upright in a machine, and bore a downward pressure of 40,000 pounds before it collapsed into splinters.

Professor Bovey, a great authority on this subject, has written a text book on "The Theory of Structures and Strength of Materials," which is largely used in Canada and the States.

Professor Moyse, whose venerable father will be remembered by the older residents of Torquay, has spent the best years of his life at McGill, where he has rendered valuable service as Professor of History and Literature. I was delighted to have a chat with him about old times, and to hear something of the work in which he is engaged.

At this seat of learning there are not less than fifty professors and thirty lecturers on the staff. The Colleges respectively occupy large and handsome detached buildings, all specially designed for their particular work.

It will be seen that the facilities for education are of the highest order, and these facilities are fully appreciated by the people.

Besides those to which I have referred there is the great classical college under the control of the Order of St. Sulpice, one of the most eminent and successful on the American Continent, and the Laval University, a great seat of learning, richly endowed for the use of French Canadians.

I have given what may be conceived to be undue prominence to this phase of Canadian public life, but when one considers how much depends upon the careful and well-regulated training of the youth of a nation, I feel that I am more than justified.

The population of Montreal is predominantly French ; fully seventy per cent. are of French extraction. In the government of the city they take their full share of active responsibility, and are regarded as devoted citizens, and faithful to the English crown.

Electric cars run in every direction ; there is no question as to whether a given district needs the cars, nor whether they will pay if extended there. The enormous population of this widely-spreading city must have them. Increasing facilities and increasing profits go hand in hand, and the fortunate shareholders look with favourable eye upon continued developments and extensions.

An admirable arrangement for the comfort of passengers is the relegation of smokers to the back seats in the open cars.

One of the most interesting car excursions is that round the mountain, Mount Royal, which costs but a few cents. It is something of a novelty to be able to get a good panoramic view of the surrounding country; in the course of our wanderings here and in the States, the country has been as flat as a billiard table. But here, on the heights beyond the city, beautiful landscapes, relieved by the bright waters of the St. Lawrence, and heightened, too, in their beauty by the rich and deepening autumn tints of the woodlands, are everywhere obtainable.

There are two characteristics of Montreal, which, I think, would strike any stranger. The tastefully-dressed shop windows, and the woe-begone character of the roads and sidewalks. I have never seen more artistic and effective arrangement of goods in the windows of business houses; they are marvels of taste, and this may be justly attributed to French influence. But the roads beat anything I have ever seen for ruts and pits and hillocks; it is a painful experience to be jolted say from your hotel to the landing stage on the river, or *vice versa*; it is infinitely worse than horse exercise is to a novice.

If the people maintained the roads as efficiently as they do their churches and chapels, Montreal would be a pleasanter place to live in.

A friend in Toronto told us that the changes of temperature were at times so severe that he had had occasion to adapt his clothing to the exigencies of the weather not less than three times in one day.

We had a forcible reminder of the necessity for this on the afternoon of our visit to the mountain. The morning had been oppressively warm, with scarcely a breath of air to revive one's energies. With a suddenness we in England know nothing of, the change came; a cold, bleak, penetrating wind almost withered us up. We were in an open car, with no protection, and having had no warning, we were not provided with wraps to guard against the icy blast.

CHAPTER VIII.

INTRODUCTIONS, SOMETIMES EMBARRASSING — ON THE
BORDER LANDS OF CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES—
MANUFACTURERS' ORDERS FOR THE UNITED STATES —
NIGHT IN A PULLMAN CAR—BOSTON.

It is only by a fairly rigid adherence to plan that one is able to visit all the places comprised in an itinerary. There were attractive features in Montreal, historical, social, and municipal, which claimed our attention, but time is arbitrary ; we must move on. We deferred to the last moment the presentation of some esteemed introductions given to us by friends at home. Introductions may be embarrassing.

A good story was told me by an old friend in a city we had recently visited. We were speaking of visitors armed with this social passport, when he gave me a little of his colonial experience. In the early days of his residence in Canada he had several calls from people whose letters commended them to his good offices. At first he felt gratified, and most readily rendered them service. But, as if by conspiracy, many, before parting, begged the favour

of the loan of a five-dollar bill, just to tide over a difficulty, for a few days only, until their remittances arrived from home. In the fulness of his heart the advances were made. Those remittances have not yet come to hand. He is now rather chary about being "at home" when strangers call. This experience was confirmed by a Yorkshire gentleman, now settled in New York, whom I subsequently had the pleasure to meet.

A few hours before leaving Montreal we called upon the proprietor of an influential daily paper to present the kind regards of an intimate friend connected with the Press at home. He was most anxious to do everything to make our visit enjoyable; he would place himself at our disposal; he had the *entrée* to every place in the city. It was all in vain—we were leaving that night. He was disappointed that there was nothing to be done, but as proof of his goodwill he jocularly offered, in the event of my being "run in," to become bail for me. We parted in merry mood, but as I afterwards committed no "indiscretions" against the law, we have not met again.

Some of the most glorious scenery of the Eastern American continent is on the border lands of Canada and the United States. Well cultivated and fruitful fields, diversified with trees and water, are a delight to the traveller. We had booked by rail and steamboat for a circular tour which would embrace Lake Champlain and Lake George, through a

country reminiscent of important events in the struggle for Independence, and of frequently recurring conflicts between the native Indian and the predatory white man. The season, however, was far advanced, the steamers had ceased to run, so we were reluctantly compelled to omit this delightful and interesting route from our programme.

Amongst the many facilities provided in the hotels is that of being able to book places on board ocean-going and river steamers, and berths in the Pullman drawing-room and sleeping cars. We wanted three places in the night train from Montreal to Boston. There was no need to go to the station some hours beforehand to secure our berths; the clerk in the office telephoned the message, the numbers were allotted, and the tickets issued; thus much labour and time are saved to passengers.

Our train steamed out of the station punctually at 9 p.m., and soon the negro attendant set to work to prepare the berths for the sleepers. Ladies retired for a while to the drawing-room cars, and gentlemen generally foregathered in the smoking saloon.

Here I met a gentleman connected with an American engineering firm, who had recently returned from a visit to England, where he told me he had secured most valuable orders. His firm were makers of cotton-spinning machinery, a business in which Englishmen are generally supposed to be pre-eminent, but he assured me that in Lancashire, in the very home of the trade, he could and did beat

the local makers, both in the quality and speed of his machines, and in the advantageous prices he offered to the spinners. I mentioned names of famous manufacturers in Oldham and elsewhere; he knew them all, and said he could beat them all on their own ground.

I suffered pangs of humiliation whilst listening to his recital of American achievements in the mechanical and industrial world, for I knew that the "inexorable logic of facts" was against my own country.

My communicative companion, in reply to my inquiries, regarded the industrial problems which perplex and harass our manufacturers as easy of solution. In the States higher wages are paid, and longer hours are worked than in England. But the secret was not there. The men work with better will, do more conscientious work, and do more work in a given time than do English workmen. Every man does his best, knowing that thereby he is promoting his own interest as well as that of his master and of his country. Trades Unions do not thwart the manufacturer by limiting the output nor terrorise a man because he gives to his labour the best of his strength and ability. He claimed that he was competent to speak, and that he spoke with knowledge.

We got to our berths for a night in the car. The everlasting whirr of wheels, the swaying to and fro begotten of high speed and curves, and the novel

surroundings, were not conducive to sleep. That some of our fellow passengers slept was evidenced by audible but still further disturbing sounds. Some men can sleep anywhere. The Pullman is not perfection. After a restless night, relieved only by intermittent snatches of "wakeful sleep," we were called at seven in the morning to prepare for Boston.

An irritating prelude awaits the traveller from Canada before he can set foot in Boston. Trunks and bags must be opened for the inspection of the Customs' officers; the delay is unspeakably annoying at 7.30 in the morning, after a weary night in the train. The place is unfamiliar, the morning is cold, for the sun has scarcely risen, and a warm breakfast is longed for. A man may be excused for being a little out of humour under such conditions when called upon for his keys and for a declaration that he carries no dutiable articles. We were not experts in the gentle art of smuggling. The officer tried one trunk, then another; there was no sport; he had drawn a blank; so he chalked some cabalistic figures on our belongings, and we were free.

Boston is unapproachably the most English of the cities of the States. Our first impressions were distinctly favourable; there was a home-like appearance about the streets which appealed to our traditions and sympathies. They are irregular in shape and form; they are not made to scale or fixed by plumb and line. Boston is a growth, from a beginning which had no preconception of the future

magnitude of the city. Neither is it so monotonously flat as New York, Philadelphia, and other cities.

Our hotel was on Beacon Hill, near to the State House and opposite the Athenæum. Standing on an eminence, the State House dominates the whole of the city and the neighbouring country. Its dome is actually sheathed with fine gold, and when the sun's rays concentrate upon it it presents a dazzling blaze of light, conspicuous for miles around.

Boston is a grand staid old city, dignified, respectable, and aristocratic, but by no means sleepy. The other cities are not in the reckoning with it. Boston stands out in the forefront.

Boston is the home of literature and culture, and its people are supposed to be proud and exclusive. A Bostonian looks down upon the man of New York as simply a seeker after money. The old saw—and there is sometimes an underlying truth in an old saw—says that at Boston people ask “What you know?” at New York “What you have?” and at Philadelphia “Who you are?” These may, without offence, be regarded as characteristics of the respective cities.

Churches are numerous in Boston. Churches seemed to be numerous everywhere. The Americans, if judged by this standard, should be a truly religious people, but I cannot speak with accuracy or authority upon the question, for I have neither statistics nor experience to guide me. Here there are not less than one hundred and sixty places of worship.

Ecclesiastically, the glory of Boston is Trinity

Church. Its architecture is Romanesque, and it is built in the form of a Latin cross. Internally, it seemed to me to be rather ponderous and heavy. Much wealth has been lavished upon it. It was here that the late Bishop Phillips Brooks, a name well-known in the religious world, successfully laboured for many years. His sermons had the great merit of sincerity, every sentence was pregnant with thought, and they have charmed multitudes of lay readers throughout the English-speaking world. To visit Boston, and not to attend service at Trinity, would be a neglected opportunity, so on Sunday morning we took our places and listened to an exhortation by the Rev. Dr. Donald, about which I will say a few words in my next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CITY OF BOSTON — A THOUGHTFUL SERMON — A
STARTLING OPENING — A RETROSPECT OF SLAVERY —
THE RIVERSIDE PRESS AT CAMBRIDGE.

I have heard many a striking text and many a startling exordium. A clergyman sometimes resorts to a ruse in order to secure the attention of his congregation, which he frequently fails to hold, through his lack of originality and lucidity. This was certainly not Dr. Donald's failing. He laid a fast hold of his congregation at the outset, and rivetted their attention throughout. But I shall never forget his startling device. His text was John xiv, v. 15, and his first words were : " Sir William Harcourt speaks no good of Joseph Chamberlain. Joseph Chamberlain speaks no good of Sir William Harcourt. They hate one another, and have done so ever since the split in the Liberal party. They are separated from each other. There are barriers between them." Personally, I doubt this.

The English Elections were then disturbing the minds of the people at home, and I thought we were going to have a sermon on English politics from an

American point of view. I at once made a note of his utterances in the expectation of further flashes of sensational illustration and of catching phrase. In vain. The fireworks were over. We settled down to the orthodox treatment of a subject which comes very glibly to the tongue, and is pleasant to talk about, the duty of love to the Father and of love to one another. That gospel has now been preached for nearly two thousand years, and there is still as much walking on the other side as ever. Human nature is assertive in all civilised countries. Class distinctions are as manifest in America as in England. Wealthy religionists subscribe of their thousands for the Christianising of the heathen, but pass by without recognition the poorer worshippers of their own church.

The doctor's sermon was a thoughtful one, and dealt more with the Christian's duty of love than with his shortcomings and his neglect of the Divine command.

I could not help thinking how in this city of Boston some sixty-five years before, a noble-hearted man, William Lloyd Garrison, had been hounded through the streets by an insensate mob ; how they had torn the clothes from his body, tied a rope round about him, and beaten and buffeted him to the point of death ; how he had been hung in effigy at the door of his own house ; and all because of his advocacy of the liberation of the slave, and of his putting into actual practice this gospel of love.

Slavery exists no longer in the States, thanks to the pertinacity and zeal of men who suffered persecution and obliquy in the prosecution of their humane mission, and thanks, too, to the bold and statesman-like action of President Lincoln. But the coloured man is still black in the eyes of the people. He is no nearer to being accepted as "a man and a brother" to-day, than he was in the days when he was advertised for sale by auction in the public market place. Indeed, I was repeatedly told when travelling further south, that the coloured man's condition, so far as relates to his physical comforts, kindly treatment, and recognition as the white man's equal, had not improved by liberation. To use Dr. Donald's simile, the white and the black "are separated from each other; there are barriers between them." There is a race problem here that has not yet been solved, and which, in the time to come, may lead to bitterness and distraction amongst the American people.

[The above paragraph was written in December, 1900. While this book was passing through the press in 1901, I read in a leading London newspaper a telegram dated New York, April 24th, "The Democrats were successful in the special election held yesterday in the State of Alabama. As a result of their victory the party will be enabled to carry out their avowed intention of disfranchising the negroes at the State Convention to be held at Birmingham (Alabama) on May 25th, at which the Constitution of the State is to be revised."]

Thirty-three years ago I had the privilege of shaking hands with the sturdy old Liberator, Mr. William Lloyd Garrison. His work had been accomplished; the slave was free. He was then on a visit to a sympathetic and like-minded friend, the late Sir Edward Baines, of Leeds. To-day in Boston I called upon his son, who had accompanied his father to Leeds in 1867, and who still occasionally visits this country, where he has many friends. He made many genial references to his old Leeds friends, with whom he is still in frequent communication. Mr. Garrison is a member of the publishing firm of Houghton, Mifflin and Co., and by him I was introduced to his partners, Mr. Murray Kay and Mr. Houghton, both of whom, with much courtesy, showed us considerable attention, and added to the pleasure and interest of our visit.

Mr. Houghton conducted me through the firm's extensive works of the Riverside Press, at Cambridge, where no less than six hundred hands are employed. The works were specially designed and constructed by the firm for their printing and binding purposes, and are equipped with all the latest machinery and appliances. Typography, as an art, occupied the attention of the late Mr. Houghton, who himself designed some beautifully-faced founts of type, which are now in use in the printing office. The processes of book production are admirably carried out, from the initial stage of the composing room to the most artistically finished bindings in

cloth and leather. Not less than five presses were engaged in printing the sheets of Webster's Dictionary, which deservedly enjoys a large sale throughout the States and in this country. Many female compositors are employed, and I was assured that they bring as much intelligence to bear upon their work as do the skilled workmen.

A like experiment was made in this country many years ago by Miss Emily Faithfull, at the Victoria Press, but I am not sure that the venture was successful.

I was the fortunate recipient of a carefully printed and bound copy of the life of the founder of the firm.

Probably, the most interesting feature of Boston to an Englishman, is Bunker Hill, where the Americans gained a signal victory over the British troops in the great struggle of 1775. By the electric car we travelled to within a couple of hundred yards of the site of the battle. Situated on the crown of the hill is the great monumental column which commemorates the event, and on the sloping ground, near where the battle waged fiercely, is an enclosure sacred to the memory of the fallen Americans, whose names are inscribed on the memorial tablets at the entrance. I cannot say that my national pride was offended by these memorials of an event which was brought about by the political stupidity of the English Government. One cannot help regarding this disastrous episode in the history of our country

as a species of civil war, in which the weaker section, the oppressed ones, descendants of our own race, sought relief by revolt, and succeeded in getting it.

Boston is full of historical interest. It was in the harbour there that the famous incident of throwing overboard the chests of tea took place.

I have said that the Bostonians are a proud people, and they are reasonably proud of their history, but they have greater reason to be proud of the noble institutions which adorn this progressive city. It is a city of culture, of culture in the best sense of the word: in education, refinement, mental and physical training, and in morality. Literary institutions are numerous, and of many grades, from the eminence of the Athenæum, to the modest rooms of the young men's and young women's societies. Its educational facilities will successfully vie with those of any city in the States, and its endowments are on a most munificent scale.

Later I hope to say something about the Harvard University, which enjoys a world-wide reputation as the chief American seat of learning; and also about the eminent men whose names and works are intimately associated with this interesting city.

It has been my good fortune to see all the large libraries in the cities we have visited, and to be permitted to familiarise myself with their internal arrangements and working.

The same good fortune has attended me here.

Armed with an introduction, I presented myself to Mr. Whitney, the chief librarian of this the largest state or city library on the American Continent. The Congressional Library at Washington is larger, but it enjoys the advantage of drawing upon the revenue of the whole of the States for its maintenance, whereas the Boston Library has been built and equipped, and is maintained, at the sole expense of the city. By the courtesy of our genial guide, every door was open to us, and every department open to our inspection.

The arrangements seemed to be perfect. Specially designed, and only recently built, this magnificent home of literature is worthy of any country in the world. The decorations, excelling in grandeur and treatment anything we have ever seen, are almost all based upon Venetian models. Time and leisure far beyond our control would be necessary to enable us to convey an adequate idea of the beauty and grace of these art decorations. With us they were but a passing incident. My chief object was the Library proper. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the Library and its adjuncts, when I mention the fact that it contains 700,000 volumes of books, that provision exists for more than double that number, that the necessary printing and binding are done on the premises, that 600 people are employed in and about the Library, and that not less than £60,000 per year is granted from the city exchequer for its maintenance.

CHAPTER X.

BOSTON LIBRARY—DEVONSHIRE BOOKS—PAINTINGS AND
SCULPTURE—HARVARD UNIVERSITY—THE LITERARY MEN
OF BOSTON—BOSTON SOCIETY—NO ANTIQUITIES—MOUNT
AUBURN—ELECTRIC CARS.

During our visit to the finely-proportioned reading room, the "Bates' Hall" of the Boston Library, with its magnificent vaulted roof, we were examining the admirable card catalogue of its contents, when I asked the question whether they possessed any Devonshire books, and I specially suggested Torquay. The required drawer was opened, and in a moment we were presented with cards bearing the following titles :—"Torquay—White (J. T.), History of, illustrated, 8vo., 1878," with its press number and location; and "The Torquay Guide, containing a description of the Town, the Excursions and Walks, Geology, Climate, Botany, &c., by Several Literary Gentlemen, 12mo., Torquay, Edward Croydon, 1841." Indeed, the library is rich in Devonshire books.

My daughter made a like test for the county and borough of Ayr, with equally satisfactory and

surprising results. In all the great libraries the authorities are face to face with the difficulties we experience in this country, chief amongst them being the question of the preservation of what seem to be unconsidered trifles, and how to determine what is valueless ; and the binding and placing of the ever-increasing number of reviews, magazines, and newspapers.

As one passes through the stately halls, and corridors, and staircases, all of massive and grand proportions, with walls and floors of marble and granite, it is difficult to realise how the genius of one man can have evolved such a noble scheme, and how the funds of one city could bear the strain of such a tremendous outlay.

On a like scale of magnificence are the paintings which adorn the walls and the sculpture which graces the halls and corridors.

No man in this great city need be ignorant for lack of facilities of obtaining knowledge, nor devoid of artistic taste if the abundant provision of choice examples is calculated to beget it.

America can boast of few antiquities. It has neither ancient castles nor venerable cathedrals, neither grand old lordly mansions nor quaint old manor houses. Its cities are modern compared with those of Chester and York, Canterbury and Exeter. But in Harvard it has its modern Oxford. Harvard is venerable in the eyes of the Americans, for its foundation dates back to the early days of the

English settlement in Massachusetts. It was only eight years after Sir H. Boswell, in 1628, had taken possession of the colony that John Harvard founded a small college for the higher education of the new settlers. From that small beginning of nearly three hundred years ago the present extensive collection of noble buildings for the study of art, science, literature, theology, and all kindred knowledge, has arisen. There is a subdued air of learning about these clusters of ivy-clad colleges. We visited the beautiful Gothic Memorial Hall, in the large vestibule of which are tablets bearing the names of all the Harvard men who fell in the Civil War of 1861-5. In the dining-hall adjoining are portraits of the famous men who have been associated with the University from the time of its generous founder to the present day. Many of these are familiar names, the names of men who have left their mark upon American history, literature, science, and politics.

A fine collection of paintings and statuary occupies a large detached building not far from the Memorial Hall, and near by is the Ethnological Museum. The Botanical Gardens are admirably kept. These are adjuncts to the University, and are much frequented by students and by the general public, who are admitted at certain advertised times. The colleges are all in separate buildings, a considerable area is devoted to University purposes, and the whole form a distinct Harvard colony.

In writing of Harvard, one almost inevitably

associates the University with the city of Boston, though strictly speaking it is in Cambridge, an adjoining city. Cambridge has its own separate municipal government, its own municipal offices and officials, and has a population of 100,000. In our own country we have a close parallel in Manchester and Salford.

I have spoken of the eminent literary men whose names are household words wherever the English language is spoken, who lived and died and are buried here. We made a pilgrimage to their tombs in the beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn, full of hallowed memories. Here are the graves of Longfellow, whose tender story of "Hiawatha" has a significant interest to the traveller in the country through which we had recently passed; of Motley, the brilliant historian of the Dutch Republic; of Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose charming "Autocrat" series still delights all lovers of the simple and beautiful; of James Russell Lowell, whose "Biglow Papers" abound with humour and native wit; of Agassiz, the learned and popular naturalist, one of the most genial men of his time; and of Parkman, the historian of Canada. These and many more, whose works live after them, lie within the precincts of this grandly situated God's-acre. Costly and magnificent monuments, in marble and granite, with elaborate sculpture and magniloquent tributes to the departed, are common enough here to perpetuate the memory of men who had but "a local habitation and a

name." But the tombs of the eminent ones, whose works have a world-wide interest, are of simple and graceful form, and of becoming modesty of inscription. Their works are their enduring monuments.

Not far from the entrance, where stands the chapel in which the burial service is conducted, is a massive Sphinx in white marble, bearing the following inscription, which I copied :—

" American Union preserved,
African Slavery destroyed,
By the uprising of a great people,
By the blood of fallen heroes "

an eloquent tribute to the patriotism and humanity of the hundreds of thousands of citizens who took up arms and fought for the unity of their country and the freedom of the slave, in the great struggle between the North and the South in 1861-65.

Not far away is the house where lived James Russell Lowell, with its neat garden and shrubs, close by the roadside, and past which the electric cars are continually running ; and a little further away, nearer to the University, is the plain unpretentious wooden house, made memorable as the home of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. This house formed the local headquarters of General Washington, when commanding the American army in the War of Independence in 1775.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, and so was John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States. The hero-worshipper has ample scope for the play of his fancy, and for devotion at the shrine of an idol.

Boston abounds with so many features of interest that it is difficult to compress within reasonable space our experiences there. Our friends had much to show us, and much to tell us of the historical buildings of the city, and the famous events connected with them; of its literary and scientific institutions, of its theatres and places of amusement, its industries, its shipping, and its progress.

Society is nowhere more exclusive and exacting than in Boston. Its tone is largely literary and æsthetic. Many amusing stories are told of the rivalries and jealousies, the disappointments and triumphs of society men and women; but I forbear.

Charles Dickens found much favour with the Bostonians on the occasion of his visits to America, and nowhere was he received with greater fervour, or obtained more profitable bookings. That also was the experience of Sir Henry Irving in 1883, when his receipts for a given time were larger than in any other city of the States.

Boston will tolerate the best only, but it gives generously in return for the best.

America completely outdistances the mother country in its electrical appliances. I have spoken of the extraordinary provision made in New York, Toronto, and Montreal, by the electric car companies, but it pales before that of Boston. I was simply amazed with the wonderful efficiency and completeness of the network which brings the city and the outlying and distant places into ready communica-

tion. Four lines run side by side through a brilliantly lighted tunnel under a portion of Boston's historic park, the Common, and under the centre of the town, thus entirely relieving the principal business streets of the noise and bustle of the trams.

The traffic is enormous. It is one continued procession of cars. There is no waiting, no congestion, and there are no blocks. The cars stop at appointed places only, and there only for a few seconds. The organisation of the system seems to have been reduced almost to a science. The speed is great, and the fares uniform—five cents for any distance. Until the advent of the “tuppenny tube” we had nothing to compare with it in England.

Contrast this up-to-date means of locomotion with the belated system at work in the greatest city in the world. Our London streets are congested with slow, cumbrous, and uncomfortable 'busses. Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, Holborn Viaduct, Charing Cross, have no counterpart in Boston. The ordinary traffic in the centre of the city flows freely, without the obstruction and danger which comes of letting loose some hundreds of lumbering horse-drawn vehicles.

All classes use the cars freely, without social distinction. They serve the great masses of the population which occupy the towns of Cambridge and Brookline, and the extensive outlying suburbs of Boston. And they pay.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BOSTON AND NEW YORK EXPRESS—COMPARATIVE SPEEDS—82° IN THE SHADE—A STORM—NEW YORK AGAIN—ICED MYSTERIES—DYSPEPTICS—LADIES' DRESS AND CHILDREN'S.

The time has come to resume our journey. We must leave our comfortable hotel, the Belle Vue, with its large staff of coloured waiters of every gradation of black, from the deep and highly-polished ebony to the lighter complexioned octoroon. Negro blood is difficult to eradicate; it comes out in the hair, the frizziness of which is a terrible tell-tale. This we had frequently noticed. On several occasions we had had negro waiters, notably at the charming Ten Eyck Hotel in Albany, and on the river steamers. Many of these waiters would most readily have passed for ordinary Americans had it not been for the crisp curly brand, which is their race mark.

Late in the afternoon of the 8th of October, on a day of oppressive heat, we left Boston for New York, a distance of 236 miles, which we accomplished in six hours. This is considered very good travelling,

and although many of the expresses run at a much higher speed, I regard this as a fair sample of the good trains on American railroads. It is well to look into these matters sometimes, for we are apt to grumble at home at what we are prone to regard as railway deficiencies.

From Paddington to Torquay the distance is 220 miles, minus about two hundred yards, and the Torquay express covers the distance in four hours and fifty-five minutes, thus travelling at the rate of slightly over forty-four miles an hour. The Boston and New York express, between two of the largest and most important business cities in the States, travelled at the rate of thirty-nine and one-third miles per hour. Torquay comes out well in this comparison.

Hitherto we had been favoured with most lovely weather. We had enjoyed what Americans call the Indian summer, the best time in the whole year for Englishmen to visit the States. It is that delightful period which comes between the sweltering heat of summer and the icy cold of winter.

But a change came. During the day we had been struggling under an oppressive and enfeebling 82° in the shade. For twenty-four hours the temperature had varied but little, the maximum reached 82° , and the minimum 76° .

Passengers in the smoking saloon were sitting in their shirt sleeves; some made a faint pretence of reading; many others indulged in card games. The

heat was enervating. Soon a storm came. The wind sprang up, the thunder pealed, and the rain came down in a perfect deluge. We had deferred our dollar dinner to a late hour, not knowing that at an intermediate station the dining car was to be detached. We partook of a hasty meal—we had ten minutes only for the purpose. The dining car was shunted to another line ; the officials were watching time. At the last moment we left the car and hurried across two lines of metals to rejoin our train. In that short distance we were simply drenched, but we caught the train in the very nick of time, and settled ourselves as best we could for the remainder of the journey. However, the atmospheric conditions had improved, and we could breathe freely.

After an absence of fourteen days we resumed our pleasant quarters at the Manhattan Hotel, in New York. It was but a halting place, preparatory to a journey to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

Whilst in New York I was tempted to try one of a multitude of the iced concoctions for which the chemists there are famous. One trial sufficed ; I did not again make the experiment. Their use may be an acquired taste, and after many heroic attempts Nature may, in self-defence, fortify itself against consequences. To me the consequences were rather serious.

The American indulges in as many ices every

day as would serve an Englishman for a whole summer. Every chemist seems to do a thriving business in these iced mysteries. Their titles alone would fill a column in a newspaper. I noticed that the iced-drink counter in the chemists' shops attracted more customers than did the bars of the hotels in which we stayed. I have seen twenty or thirty people, men and women, standing in front of one of these counters at one time, indulging in these intensely frigerific drinks. And I am quite sure that the chemists compounded more of these destroyers of the digestive organs than they did of doctors' prescriptions.

Probably America can lay claim to a larger number of dyspeptics than any other country in the world. The newspapers and the hoardings give ample proof of this, in the flaring and profitable advertisements of nostrums for indigestion. They flaunt one in the face everywhere. It is of indigestion and remedies for indigestion that you are reminded whether you travel by road, or rail, or river, or sit by the stove side in the privacy of your own house.

There is no ignoring the fact that the dyspepsia fiend has got its grip of the people. You may note the complexions of your fellow-diners at the hotels, observe the pedestrians in the streets, watch those who ride and drive in the parks, and you will look in vain for the sweet fresh rose on the cheek which heightens the beauty of the young Englishwoman. Of course the American woman is a beautiful woman,

it would be downright heresy to breathe a word to the contrary, but she lacks that freshness and ruddiness which we English people admire so much and associate with good health. Sallowiness and pallor are the natural outcome of iced foods, iced water, and iced mixtures at breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

From complexion to the subject of dress is a natural transition. But dress is a topic upon which I am not competent to speak, especially ladies' dress ; it is quite beyond my powers and outside my limited horizon. I know nothing of its subtleties.

However, I was accompanied by a qualified judge and an accomplished critic, who shall be nameless. I am writing now after the completion of our tour, and after ample opportunity of observation in the great cities of Canada and the Eastern States. The verdict of my critic is that the American woman is better dressed, and dressed with greater care and better taste, than the generality of English women. Not that the quality of the materials is superior or more costly, nor that the designs are more artistic, but that the art of dress, as an art, is more clearly understood and practised. They possess the secret of the adaptation of the costume to the figure, the deportment, the ensemble of the wearer, and also of that harmonious colouring which is an essential to perfect dress. And thus they excel. Why they should excel it is not for me to say. This view of my critical guide was fully endorsed by an American cousin who has knowledge of both countries. Of

course, there are exceptions to every rule, and these strictures will not apply to the refined taste of the ladies of Torquay, nor to the capable artists who cater for them.

While this high praise is awarded to the tastefully dressed women, I am bound to confess that my sartorial mentor denounced in equally direct terms the manner in which American mothers encumbered their children with unsuitable garments. Tastes differ, and reasonably so. The taste in America is to dress the little girls as if they were women. This militates against the simplicity and innocence which are such charming characteristics of children. In accepted phrase, they dress them "too old."

Let the subject of dress go, without further strain upon me. A mere man's opinion is not worth knowing.

CHAPTER XII.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE—PHILADELPHIA, THE QUAKER CITY—
A PALACE OF WHITE MARBLE—THE LAW COURTS—
ELECTRIC CARS—FAIRMOUNT PARK—AMERICAN INDE-
PENDENCE—PHILADELPHIA'S INSTITUTIONS.

On the morning of the 10th of October we left New York for Philadelphia by the New York and Pennsylvania Railroad. New York being on Manhattan Island, it is necessary to cross the East River by the company's steam ferry to reach the station on the mainland. This is a serious disadvantage to the railway company in consequence of the increased cost of working, and to passengers, because of the time expended in crossing the river, in passing from boat to train, and in the transfer of baggage.

The great Brooklyn Bridge, an example of engineering skill which may fairly be classed with Sir Wm. Arrol's wonderful triumph over natural difficulties in the case of the Forth Bridge, connects Brooklyn on Long Island, with New York. Great is the stream of pedestrian and wheeled traffic, and the trains of the over-head railway are constantly crossing and re-crossing.

Philadelphia is only ninety miles from New York, and is reached by express in about two hours and a half. The "Quaker City" is of vast extent, its population numbers 1,300,000, a total greater than that of Liverpool and Manchester combined. We, at home, don't realise the magnitude of these big cities. Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, are giants amongst the cities of the world.

These are but "Notes and Impressions." Travelling, as we were doing, with restrictions upon our time, it was impossible to see or know much of the inner life or habits of the people, or to practically acquaint ourselves with their industries and politics, or to gauge the various enterprises of municipal authorities. To have done this would have occupied as many weeks as we had days at our disposal, and even then the task could have been but imperfectly accomplished. The prominent features of the respective cities, and the historical events which had rendered these cities famous, were more than sufficient for our study. But in Philadelphia, as elsewhere, we had the inestimable advantage of introductions to citizens who aided us by their local knowledge, who were, in fact, eyes and ears to us. My son and daughter met American friends whose acquaintance they had made in England, with whom they spent many pleasant hours.

The most notable of the modern buildings in Philadelphia is the City Hall, a great palace of white marble, quadrangular in form, with an immense

central courtyard, through which constantly flows the pedestrian traffic from the streets to the east, west, north and south. It is said to be the second highest public building in the world, and I can readily believe it. Here are the Council chamber, the Mayor's parlour, the municipal offices, the land registration offices, and the Courts of Justice. The Courts in American cities are always numerous and spacious, but those of Philadelphia eclipse all that we had yet seen. One would think that they would suffice for the legal business of the whole of the Eastern States. I don't know whether the people are of a litigious temperament, but business seems to flourish to the profit and satisfaction of the Philadelphian lawyer, whose erudition and smartness are proverbial.

We entered several of the law courts where business was proceeding, and were impressed with the severe simplicity of the surroundings. The judges on the Bench, the barristers who were pleading, and the solicitors who instructed, were in their ordinary every-day attire. The awe and solemnity which are begotten of wig and gown and ermine form no part of the characteristics of an American court.

By means of an elevator we ascended to the roof, where we were rewarded by a magnificent panorama of the city, the Delaware river, and the surrounding country. As in New York, so here, anthracite coal only is used ; the atmosphere is consequently clear, there are no smuts, and the buildings

are free from the grime which disfigures those of London and the large English towns.

The foundation stone of this great City Hall was laid in 1876 ; the building is not yet finished. Up to the present time it has cost five million pounds. The full value may be there ; I cannot say that it is not, but in this country I think we could get greater results for less than half the money.

We were credibly informed that the Corporation had fifty thousand men in its employment, a number far in excess of local needs. We were further informed that it was calculated that each one of these employèes could influence at least one vote. The representation of the city has been in the hands of the same party for many years, and they do not willingly mean to part with the patronage and control which are so dear to them and so costly to the rate-payers. "Tammany," as an institution, is not peculiar to New York.

I have spoken of Philadelphia as "the Quaker City." If it has a patron saint, that saint is surely William Penn, who founded the city in 1682. We in this country always associate Quakerism with all that is high and noble in morality and religion. Probably there is little of the old Quaker spirit in the Philadelphia of to-day ; it has broken with the old faith. Yet Pennsylvania stands pre-eminent amongst the States for its enterprise, its mineral wealth, and for the moral and material progress and contentment of its people.

In previous chapters I have remarked upon the disgraceful condition of the streets of the cities we have visited, and it came upon us as an agreeable surprise to find here at all events that the authorities were alive to the importance of maintaining good and regular road surfaces, and of keeping the streets clean. They were obviously well cared for, and a credit to the city.

Electric trams are numerous, as they are in all the cities of the States, and cars run to the uttermost limits of the city. The method of working, however, differs materially from all I have seen before. The cars, in any one street, run in one direction only, there is no up and down line. Cars go north in one street, and south in a parallel street, which may be sixty to a hundred yards away, and so also east and west. As in most American cities, the streets run parallel with and at right angles to each other, so that it is always easy to find a convenient car for a required direction.

Taking our seats in a passing car we soon covered a distance of about two miles to the Fairmount Park, one of the largest, if not actually the largest, of public parks in the world. It occupies 3,000 acres of beautifully wooded, undulating ground, and is traversed in all directions by pleasant walks and drives. Its beauty is greatly enhanced by the waters of the Schuylkill river, which flow through it for its entire length, a distance of nearly ten miles. To give an idea of its extent I may say that it is

larger by some 320 acres than the combined parishes of Torquay and Cockington, and more than seven times the size of Hyde Park in London. A drive of fourteen miles on a good park road attracts all the wealthy citizens, who disport themselves in their peculiarly American carriages; and it was a pleasant diversion to sit and criticise the style of the equipages and the performances of the drivers.

The story of American Independence is closely associated with Philadelphia. It was here that George Washington on the 4th of July, 1775, declared that thenceforward the thirteen States which banded themselves together should become an independent nation. They cast off all allegiance to the Mother Country. It was here that the first meeting of the representatives of the States took place, and that the memorable "Declaration" was pronounced from the steps in front of the building now known as "Independence Hall," which is preserved in its original form, a monument of an epoch in their history, of which all Americans are justly proud.

The rooms are full of mementoes of the great struggle. Portraits and busts of Washington and of the great men who buckled on their armour to fight for the Republican cause, crowd the walls of this historic building. At every turn some familiar name greets one; it is an American Temple of Fame. Historical documents, rare autographs, and interesting relics abound. The famous "Liberty Bell," bearing the legend, "Proclaim Liberty throughout

the land to all the inhabitants thereof," finds a last resting place in the entrance hall on the ground floor. It was the ringing of this "Liberty Bell" that announced to the people that thenceforth they were free. It will ring no more. Years ago it was accidentally cracked. To-day it is but a relic.

In a churchyard in one of the busiest streets of the city is the grave of Benjamin Franklin. A well-worn path leads to the tomb of the famous printer and philosopher. He founded in 1740 the well-known American Philosophical Society, and was identified with many of the early philanthropic and educational institutions in the city.

Charitable institutions, colleges, museums, medical schools, libraries, and literary societies, are numerous and flourishing. The most important of these is probably the Girard College for Orphans, founded in 1831 by a French resident, Stephen Girard, a miser, a sceptic, and a philanthropist, who bequeathed two million dollars for the purpose of educating orphans from Pennsylvania and New York States in secular knowledge. In accordance with the terms of his bequest no minister of the Gospel is admitted within its walls.

The Masonic Temple, near to the City Hall, is a grand architectural feature, with its commanding tower and peculiar turrets. It is built of granite, is of great extent, and cost more than £300,000. A friend in Torquay, to whom I am greatly indebted, favoured me with many introductions to eminent Masons, only few of which we were able to use.

CHAPTER XIII.

PHILADELPHIA—AUTUMN TINTS—A WHITE MARBLE CHURCH
—PROHIBITIVE PRICES—THE POLICY OF PROTECTION—
BALTIMORE, THE “MONUMENTAL CITY”—A FARMHOUSE
IN MARYLAND.

Here in Philadelphia, although late in the year—it was nearing the middle of October—there was greater freshness in the vegetation and fewer autumn tints than we had found in Canada three weeks before. There was freshness; but not the beautiful green of an English landscape. Americans told me that it was worth a journey to Europe to feast their eyes upon the vivid and refreshing greens of our pasture lands. Even before setting foot on American soil we had noticed, as our vessel bore us past the island shores of the approach to New York, that the greens had a yellow tinge, essentially different from those of our own country. The grass, the corn, the plants, the shrubs and trees, all seemed to lack the depth and brilliant verdancy of our fields and woodlands.

Such real autumn tints as we have seen are marvels of colour, and excel in richness the tones

of English foliage when in the "sere and yellow leaf."

I enjoyed many pleasant wanderings in Philadelphia, saw a little of the interior of its newspaper offices, and admired its magnificent shops.

When passing along a quiet street, connecting two main thoroughfares, I was attracted by the number of people who passed in and out of a church which was built of white marble. My curiosity was excited, and I also entered. It was the Roman Catholic Church of St. John, which had been partially destroyed by fire in February, 1899, and had been rededicated by Monsignore Ryan only six days before our visit. The interior was one great Gothic harmony in white marble. All was white, the richly-carved altar, the canopied reredos, the figure of the Virgin, the delicately sculptured Stations of the Cross, and the chancel screen. It was a revelation of beauty.

But it was the ever-flowing stream of worshippers which caused me most surprise. With a devotion rarely seen in our English churches and chapels, during business hours, in the middle of the day, they entered the seats, fell upon their knees, and for a few moments engaged in prayer. Men and women, youths and maidens, were there. It was a few moments snatched from the calls of daily duty, and devoted to their religion. We know that the adherents of the Romish faith have no monopoly of religion or virtue, but this little Philadelphian episode shows how zealous they are in the observances of their Church.

Some of the stores are of great extent, and the art of so displaying their goods as to attract the passer-by is most successfully illustrated. Competition is severe, especially so with the inevitable departmental stores, which by their very magnitude command the custom of the curious, and the searcher after novelty and change. We explored one of the great stores here, and spent hours in wandering from stall to stall and from floor to floor. European goods of every conceivable use and form and make are offered in great abundance, as well as the textile and other productions of the States, but the prices were, by comparison with English prices, simply prohibitive. This is the inevitable result of the policy of Protection which the American people accept and endorse with a thoroughness unapproached in the protectionist countries of Europe. Protection means higher prices for commodities, for luxuries, for rents, for all the wants of the community, and consequently it means higher salaries and wages for officials and artisans, and larger profits for professional and business men. But here it is a distinctively one-sided policy, for while European goods are taxed to the uttermost limits of sufferance, the produce of their own country, their machinery and their manufactures, are being shipped in immensely increasing quantities to England and to our colonies, where few duties are imposed, as many contend to the serious injury of our national industries and to the loss of our export trade.

Reciprocity is not a virtue in the estimation of the American politician. Yet, notwithstanding the oppressive fiscal imposts placed upon our productions, the trade of our country is buoyant and flourishing to an almost unprecedented degree. The "open door" has its advantages.

The Americans claim that their stores are the largest in the world—it is no uncommon thing to have it dinned into one's ears that almost everything American is the largest and finest in the world—but the stores will not compare either in their extent or in the high-class character of the goods on sale with the colossal stores of London and Paris.

Our hotel, the Walton, is one of the newest and largest in the city. Communication between bedroom and office by means of the telescene is a great convenience. Orders for a hundred and one different things, from the time to be called in the morning to a night-cap when retiring after the fatigues of the day, may be registered in the office without the trouble of leaving one's room. All the principal new hotels are thus equipped; and further, they are provided with outside escape stairs, light and strong, but not inviting. When buildings rear their heads to a height of fifteen stories, it is essential to make some provision for escape, and thus quiet the minds of nervous guests.

From Philadelphia to Baltimore the distance is not great; it is as nearly as possible the same as from Torquay to Bristol, and the journey occupies about

two and a half hours. The railway line at the outset follows the banks of the Delaware River, and after passing the city of Newark crosses some of the higher reaches of Chesapeake Bay. The country is well populated and carefully cultivated, and has ample railway accommodation.

Baltimore, the "Monumental City," is a flourishing town and seaport, with a population exceeding half-a-million. We took up our quarters at the Stafford Hotel, which overlooks a beautiful square, laid out as a pleasure ground, with beds of bright flowers, shady trees, and fresh green turf. At the southern border of this square, on high ground, overlooking the business part of the city, is an immense Doric column, surmounted by a statue of George Washington, the Father of his country.

In this city was born that eccentric genius, Edgar Allan Poe, the author of "The Raven," "The Bells," and many weird, wild, and fantastic compositions in verse and prose. And here, too, he died in poverty in 1849.

We had looked forward with that hope which is begotten of weariness and fatigue to a few days of much needed rest at Baltimore, where we had relatives, who had left the mother country forty-seven years ago. Great cities, streets and squares, huge buildings of marble and granite, had begun to pall upon us. We were satiated with travel and sight-seeing; our enthusiasm was exhausted. There was scarce a note of admiration left in our souls. But

the daily round must still be run. We had built castles in the air. We had pictured to ourselves a pleasant retreat in a quiet farmhouse far away from the busy haunts of men, where we could rest and ruralise, wander at leisure over the fields, sit by the brookside, and drink in new life. Pleasant dreams ! Before breakfast was over we were captured and held in cousinly bonds. Baltimore has its lions, and we must see them. Public buildings, city halls, great libraries, schools and colleges, and philanthropic institutions, spots made memorable by the happening of important events in the city's history—in the goodness of our cousins' hearts we were taken to all of them.

We were like clay in the hands of the potter. There are many great cities in the States, but there is only one Baltimore. And we realised it. My relatives are patriotic, and are imbued with the pride of the place. Truly it is a noble city, and worthy of their pride. I may venture to refer in a subsequent chapter to one or two of its distinctive features.

The close of our first day brought a reward which compensated us for our submission to authority and for the toil of sight-seeing. Seven miles away, in the old Southern State of Maryland, one of the thirteen original States to throw off allegiance to George the Third, we were welcomed to the farmhouse we had pictured, and to that rest which we so sorely needed.

It was an old Southern mansion, timber built,

with verandahs on three sides, and approached by a winding drive through an avenue of oak and other trees. It was a stately old house, with commodious and lofty rooms. The farm buildings were near. But its ancient glory had departed. In the old slave days the estate, worked by slave labour, was extensive and flourishing, and the house was equal in its importance to the estate. The slave is now free. The old owners could not under the new conditions profitably cultivate the land. A process of disintegration set in. What had been a smiling garden and a great possession was, by force of circumstances, divided into small holdings in the hands of struggling men.

This, I was assured, was but a type of many of the great family seats of the Southern aristocracy, which had fallen upon evil days.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MARYLAND HOME—THE CULTIVATION OF INDIAN CORN
—NAZARETH—EXPERIENCE OF A STORM OF WIND AND
RAIN—A STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR.

I shall never forget the welcome relief from the jostle and roar of city life that we experienced in this beautiful Maryland home. It was real home life to us. We were free from the conventional restraints of the great hotels. There was that quiet and peaceful repose about its surroundings which begets a feeling of contentment and delight in the mind of the lover of nature. The scents and sounds of the country were in the air. It reminded me of some of those beauty spots on the cultivated fringe of Dartmoor, which the jaded dweller in towns hopefully looks forward to for eleven months out of the twelve.

It was a well-wooded district. The trees were a charming feature of the country side, and they provided a home for many varieties of birds and animals.

When the sun was setting in the evening of our first day, the woods were alive with their twitterings and calls. I cannot describe the sounds as

melodious, for there were no thrushes, nor blackbirds, nor other songsters. These, I have always understood, are not common in the Southern States. But there was the chicken hawk, the screech owl, the booby owl, the oriole, the katy-did, the buzzard, the tree-toad, and the squirrel, with grasshoppers and glow-worms thrown in. Here, too, was the curious little flying squirrel, a compromise between a bird and an animal. It was a perfect paradise of birds. Their discordant cries, some loud and piercing, were strange to us. We were much interested in these new lessons in ornithology and natural history.

It was an agreeable novelty during that brief twilight which comes between sunset and darkness, to listen to these unfamiliar sounds. But with the darkness came weirdness. In the stillness of evening came the cry of the night bird, as of a child in pain. The sounds startle, there is an uncanniness about them. We were at home with Nature. It was country life : the life which was to compensate us for our toil in the great cities. We had found that which we had sought, and we were happy.

For the first time we saw the real inner life of an American home ; we were members of the family. I have remarked before that in the course of our travel we have not enjoyed a fair conception of the real inner home life of the American people. Convention has played its part. English visitors are entertained after the manner of the Americans' idea of English habits and customs, wherein they are most

likely to fall into error. The home life of our kindred across the seas differs little from that of the old country. The daily fare is not the same. Corn, cantalupes, tomatoes, fruit, and vegetables, or some of these, are on the table at every meal. Sweet potatoes and "green" corn are always a feature at dinner, and are much esteemed. Fresh meat is eaten more sparingly, but eggs, fish, oysters, and perhaps poultry, more abundantly than with us. Green corn did not successfully appeal to us; it probably needs an acquired taste, but almost all Americans have acquired it. The negro is particularly fond of it, and could almost live upon it, as the Chinaman does upon his handful of rice.

There are probably millions of acres in the States devoted to the cultivation of Indian corn. In the Eastern States, in Canada, and now in the Southern States, as we have travelled by lake and rail and river, we have seen in the fields on every hand the stooks of yellow corn standing out in the sun to dry. On this beautiful estate we saw it as it was grown, the pod one solid mass of grain clustered round the core, sheathed with layer upon layer of protecting leaves.

A negro servant, who had been through the Civil War, was an old retainer of my cousin's family. He assisted in the tilling of the ground, and in the gathering of the crops, and cared for the horses and cows; an old warrior. But the negro is never old until his hair whitens, and this rarely

happens till late in life. He considered he did all the work of the farm. Referring to another, one of his superiors, he said to me, "Him no good; he do nothing. Me do all the work." And he believed it.

On this spot I would willingly have consented to while away the few remaining days of our sojourn in America. I felt even that I could sacrifice Washington the beautiful in my devotion to Nazareth. Nazareth, a name of names, was the one by which the farm was known. In the country round about Baltimore, and more particularly in the district where we were staying, the soil had that redness of colour which is characteristic of the land in the fair county of Devon. Reminders of home are always welcome, travel where one may.

One cannot make long journeys in a strange land without experiencing adventure and occasional discomfort. On a dark and stormy night, after a long day spent in Baltimore, we travelled by the electric car to the terminus of the system, some five miles from the city. Here our troubles began. It was pitch dark, the wind was blowing half a gale, and the rain falling in torrents. Our horse and trap, a dainton, were at a wayside inn, three hundred yards away. It was necessary to run the gauntlet of the pelting storm, on a road that was not visible, for we were outside the lighting area, and it was necessary also, to attempt the hopeless task for a novice of harnessing a strange horse, and to return with the trap for the benighted ones, who had taken refuge in

the tram shelter. We were in a fix. We knew that the road we had to face was as dangerous in its surface as any that ever disgraced a civilised country. But fortune favoured us.

A fellow passenger by the car, who knew the road, had to travel in our direction, and on being appealed to he took compassion on us. What a sense of relief to place ourselves in the hands of a competent man in whom we could confide ! He drove—or rather he held the reins, and left it to the instinct of the animal to keep out of danger. It was a wide road, with varying levels. There was a higher level and a lower level, the bed rock protruding now and again in humps, after the manner of the hump of a camel. For some distance on one side, and sometimes on both sides of the main track, rough bouldery gullies of uncertain depth threatened death and disaster to the unwary. We knew they were there ; we had seen them and remarked upon them in the daylight. But in the blackness of this dark night, a darkness that overwhelmed one—literally we could not see an inch before us—we knew that at any moment an incautious twitch of the rein might bring destruction to horse and trap and passengers.

Thanks to the nerve and tact of our friend we safely weathered the storm and escaped the dangers which beset our path, eventually finding the gate of our hosts' drive by an extravagant use of wax matches.

The high nervous tension of the ladies of the

party was slightly relieved by the thrilling personal story narrated by our friendly driver. It related to the days of the Civil War. His father was a medical man at Vicksburg on the Mississippi, when it was besieged and captured by General Grant in 1863. Being a Southerner in sympathy and in action, his property was confiscated by the victorious Northerners, he was dispossessed of house and home, his practice was lost, and he, with his wife and children, was left destitute. His future was blighted, and the future of his children as he had lovingly shaped it, was blighted too. The iron entered into his soul. He taught his children to hate the North, and to cherish that hatred. The spirit of the father descended to the children, and the little ones of the third generation were taught at the mother's knee to love the South and to hate the North. Such was his story, told with much detail, and with a subdued passion born of suffering and that sense of injustice which rankles in the heart of the oppressed. It was the heritage of war.

We are now in a Southern State. Thirty-five years have gone since the close of the mighty struggle between the two great sections of the States, which involved more serious losses of life and property than any war in Europe since the days of the Peninsula and Waterloo. Yet the spirit of antipathy, so far as the South is concerned, is not dead. In many conversations I was cognisant of the strong undercurrent of hostility which ani-

mated the speakers. The old prosperity of the South has never been regained. The cost of free labour makes it impossible on many of the old estates to cultivate the land at a profit. Difficulties beset the owners and the cultivators which did not exist in the old time, and the tendency here, as in England, is for the young and stalwart artizan and labourer to leave the land for the more attractive life and higher wages to be found in the great manufacturing cities.

Baltimore, the great city, had not yet been explored and admired to the satisfaction of our hosts, and further, we had acquaintances there, companions of our voyage, whom we were under promise to visit. That promise was redeemed, and a visit to one of the most marvellous institutions that America can boast rewarded our courage and self-sacrifice. I refer to the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

CHAPTER XV.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL AND UNIVERSITY — A
QUAKER'S MUNIFICENCE — A PERFECT HOSPITAL —
AMERICAN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS — THE MOSQUITO —
OYSTERS.

When crossing the Atlantic on board the *Umbria*, we had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Professor Gilchrist, of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. He and his wife had been spending their annual holiday at home in the old country, and from his knowledge of both countries I found him a most interesting and instructive companion. His English sympathies were deeply rooted, he was a true patriot, but he was a firm believer in the great future of the land of his adoption, and enthusiastic in his admiration of the opportunities enjoyed by all classes for advancement in every walk of life, politically, socially, and in the professions. This view was fully endorsed by many English settlers in the States whom I met in the course of our travels. We had spent many pleasant hours together over our pipes in the smoking room of an evening. The doctor had the great gift of

being able to tell a story well, and he had an ample budget of stories, so we were never dull.

Dr. Gilchrist had pressed us to call upon him when we reached Baltimore, in order that he might add to the interest of our visit, and especially that he might conduct us through the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in which he was a professor of dermatology. We were nothing loth. We had heard wondrous stories of this great institution, which has a world-wide fame, and which stands pre-eminent among the hospitals of the world.

The privilege of meeting a fellow-voyager afforded an opportunity, too, of recounting some of the incidents of life on board ship, of comparing notes, and to the ladies of indulging in that kindly and agreeable criticism which is so dear to their hearts.

To be compelled to spend eight days in a limited space on shipboard, with nearly four hundred fellow-passengers, to be forced to eat together, to drink together, and to sleep fairly close together—well, such a life is bound to be fruitful in incident and reminiscence, humorous and otherwise. And so it was with us. With much enjoyment we looked back upon amusing scenes and revelled in stories about the peculiarities of our companions.

I have on several occasions remarked upon the munificence of American and Canadian citizens, who, of their great wealth, have given bountifully for the advancement of education and for the promotion of philanthropic objects. But all the generous acts

of mighty donors have been eclipsed by the stupendous benefactions of a citizen of Baltimore.

Johns Hopkins, a Baltimore Quaker, who died in 1873, had, in his adopted city, amassed an enormous fortune. He was a grocer and a successful speculator in stocks. As if by the touch of a magic wand, almost all his operations yielded a great harvest of gold. By his will he left four million five hundred thousand dollars to found a hospital, and three million dollars to found a university, both to be named after him. These sums would seem to us to be fabulous had we not seen the magnificent buildings which they had created. Perhaps a clearer estimate may be formed of the magnitude of these gifts by expressing the sum in its equivalent in our money—one million five hundred thousand pounds. Besides this he presented to the city for the free use of the public an extensive and beautiful park, the monetary value of which I did not ascertain, but it would not fall far short of half a million dollars. I know of no counterpart to these colossal gifts for the relief of human suffering, for the higher education of the people, and for the recreation and enjoyment of the masses, in the history of philanthropy. Great fortunes are made in England, where benevolence, as we know, is widely diffused, but it is to America and the Americans that we must look for that spirit of charity which dedicates such enormous riches to the welfare of the people.

The Hospital is an aggregation of a considerable

number of buildings and departments, all, or nearly all, communicating by corridors and covered ways. It is built on the slopes of a hill rising from the railway, and is surrounded by extensive and tastefully laid-out grounds. The site is an ideal one. Whilst one of the largest, it is also claimed to be one of the most scientifically perfect hospitals in the world. And I can readily believe it. A commission of experts was charged with the duty of visiting all the great hospitals of Europe and America, with the object of profiting by the knowledge and experience of others, and with a view to adopting all those improvements which sanitary and medical science had devised for the successful treatment of disease and injury. The obsolete plans and methods of half a century ago find no place in this wonderful building. There was no stint of money. The best only was acceptable, and the result of the labours of the commission is this almost perfect institution for the alleviation of human suffering. This hospital is an enduring memorial of its founder in the hearts of the people.

We were privileged visitors to the Hospital. Under the guidance of Dr. Gilchrist we spent hours in visiting wards, operating rooms, recreation rooms, nurses' quarters, consulting rooms, library, and other adjuncts. From basement to upper floor we saw much at which to marvel. The engines, boilers, and dynamos seemed sufficiently numerous and powerful for the wants of a small town. The mechanical department is clear of the main building,

and from this centre the heating and ventilation of the wards and offices are effected, both most important matters in the efficient and successful working of a hospital. In every respect it seemed wonderfully perfect.

I must forbear further details. I have said sufficient to enable the reader to form an idea of the vast extent of this model Hôtel Dieu, and of the ample and thoughtful provision made for the cure and comfort of those who suffer and need sympathy and help.

So far I have said nothing about the Johns Hopkins University. As might be supposed from the enormous sum allocated by the generous donor for its foundation and equipment, it occupies a prominent and worthy position amongst the educational institutions of the States. The people, too, show a laudable appreciation of their privileges, and the trustees, by the appointment of competent disciplinarians and scholarly professors, maintain a high standard of excellence even as compared with the more venerable colleges of our own country.

I have always regretted that my stay in the leading cities of the States and of Canada should, by reason of circumstances, have been so brief. In my intercourse with people whom we met I learnt much of the methods of education in vogue in the elementary schools, of the books in use, and of the quality of the education given. If all that I heard was trustworthy then I should say that in these, at

least, they have not reached a pinnacle of excellence corresponding to that attained by the high-grade schools and universities. Unfortunately I had no opportunity of personally satisfying myself upon these matters, and cannot, therefore, venture a definite opinion.

Those who have travelled in the hot countries of the world have many tales to tell of the irritation and suffering caused by the presence of insect life. I suppose these insects do their allotted work in the economy of Nature, as we human beings are endeavouring to do ours. But in our respective spheres we are not tolerant of each other.

Here in the State of Maryland the mosquito flourishes abundantly, and there is nothing in this world that this miserably insignificant creature enjoys more than to persecute and annoy the great lord of creation—man. My daughter fell a ready victim to their attacks. They are so cunning and insidious in their methods that the mischief is done, and they have winged their exultant flight, before one is aware of their presence. They leave their mark in the form of swollen and inflamed hands and wrists and arms, and a pain that is irritating to the victim.

Our beds at the Stafford Hotel in Baltimore were carefully guarded by fine white mosquito nets, which completely enveloped the sleeper, but I could not help thinking that this was but a poor defence against a hungry and malicious hunter. My son

was proof, and so was I, against their virus, thanks, may be, to our indulgence in the Virginian weed.

Perhaps nothing occasioned us more surprise during our wanderings than the abundance of oysters in Baltimore. In the streets it was no uncommon thing to see large waggons, drawn by two horses, laden with the dainty and delicious bivalve. The sum demanded for a dozen of these "divine points" in England, would here purchase as many as a man could carry. At dinner the "hungry edge of appetite" is almost invariably appeased by a first course of Blue-Points.

They vary in size from that of the esteemed "native" to a variety as large as an ordinary saucer. In Chesapeake Bay, and on the banks of the Petapsco River, there are miles of shore paved with one great living bed of the rapidly multiplying mollusc. In some instances they literally form embankment walls against the inroads of the sea; especially is this the case on the shores of the State of Georgia.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON — NOBLE STREETS — IMPOSING BUILDINGS—PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE—ELECTRIC CARS—THE CAPITOL—THE SENATE—THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Our bright and enjoyable stay in Baltimore and at our friends' Maryland farm was all too brief. In our itinerary it was laid down that on the 14th of October we should visit the capital city of the United States, the seat of the Federal Government, the beautiful city of Washington, in the District of Columbia. Notwithstanding tempting inducements and skilfully exerted pressure, we had always found it wise to adhere to our programme; and now that we were in the last week of our visit to the New World we could not depart from it.

On the day named, we took the short railway journey, about forty miles, from Baltimore to Washington, where at the station we found the motor omnibus of the Raleigh Hotel awaiting us.

The first impression of a visitor to Washington is that of spaciousness. It is a city of noble streets and of imposing buildings. The streets are abnor-

mally wide, the main avenues being from 140 to 160 feet in width. There is an abundance of breathing space and of elbow room. Pennsylvania Avenue, the finest of all the great thoroughfares, stretching from the White House to the Capitol, one straight line a mile in length, may safely claim to be one of the most magnificent streets of the modern cities of the world.

The width of many of the sidewalks is equal to that of some of the principal streets in old London, York, and Antwerp. There are no sunless streets, as there are in the old cities, and the place is sweeter and healthier in consequence. I only know of one great avenue in the old world which excels everything here in beauty and extent, and that is the Champs Elysées in Paris, but the comparison may not be a just one, for the Champs Elysées, with their superb central vista, parterres, fountains, and varied arboricultural treasures, are almost park-like in extent. We are proud of Princes Street, in Edinburgh ; of Sackville Street, in Dublin ; of the Thames Embankment, in London ; but Washington is a city of such streets. It is the very opposite extreme to the crooked and irregular, narrow and congested, building-crowded streets of ancient English and Continental cities.

I have spoken of this city as Washington the beautiful, and it is beautiful in its proportions, in its harmony, and in its stateliness. There are few incongruities in its architecture to mar the

effect, and to offend the eye and the taste. It is beautiful, too, in its cleanliness, in its broad asphalted and orderly well-kept roadways. I have had so much to say about the roads which generally disfigure American cities, that it becomes a positive pleasure, after much travel, to speak a word in their favour. In Washington the roads were sound and admirably kept, and as such would be a credit to any European capital.

It is beautifully laid out, too, in its avenues, circles, and miniature parks, all luxuriantly planted with graceful shrubs and shady trees ; and it has a wealth of open spaces. These must be greatly needed and welcomed in the summer time, for to judge by its situation, independently of the evidence of statistics, Washington must have a reputation for great heat.

The city is built on the left bank of the Potomac, a river memorable in the annals of the Civil War for the terrible slaughter in the numerous and hard-fought battles which were waged between the contending armies. Higher up the river is the famous Harper's Ferry, the arsenal of the United States, and again nearer to the river's mouth is Fredericksburg, the scene of the great struggles between General McClellan and General Lee.

Electric cars run in all directions. There are no tall iron standards in the centre or sides of the streets, no unsightly and dangerous overhead wires, the conduit system having superseded the older method.

Our first object was to get a good general idea of the city, and we were fortunate in meeting with an intelligent driver, who in the course of two hours drove us through all the principal avenues and pointed out the important buildings and places of interest *en route*. He was well versed in the history of the city, in its characteristics as the seat of government, in its public institutions, and in its politics, if Washington, which returns no member either to the House of Representatives or to the Senate, may be said to have any politics. But all Americans are politicians, both men and women, and especially was this apparent at the time of our visit, when the Presidential electoral campaign was occupying their minds to the exclusion of almost all other subjects.

The story of American Independence, and the struggles and sacrifices made to secure that independence, are perpetuated in literature and monument and in street nomenclature. In the schools and colleges, portraits of the Fathers of the Republic hang upon the walls, and the stories of their valiant deeds are told in the school books. It is almost an article of faith that the youth of the land should know how the British oppression, when George the Third was King, was successfully resented by the patriots of those States which banded themselves together as the United States of America ; and here, in Washington, the noble avenues of which I have spoken, are respectively named after the States which first formed the Union.

Curiously enough the cross roads or streets are named after the letters of the alphabet, A street, B street, and so on, in contradistinction to the system in vogue in New York, where a numeral only is adopted for the cross street.

Peculiarities of this kind we observed elsewhere, for instance in Toronto, where in conversation or in directing a stranger, the word "street" was omitted altogether. Thus, in asking for a given place, we are directed to go down Yonge, along King, cross Union, and enter into Grace. "Street" is evidently redundant.

Visitors to Washington have invariably three objects in view, to visit the Capitol, a magnificent pile of buildings, the home of the Senate and the House of Representatives; to explore the White House, the official residence of the President; and to be introduced to and shake hands with the President. Their ambition is then satisfied. On the morning of our visit to the White House there was a delegation of Bostonians, three hundred strong, awaiting an audience with the President. We saw them crowding the Blue Chamber and the public rooms, anxious for the opportunity of inflicting their presence upon the long-suffering head of the State, and anxious, too, to assist in his muscular and nervous derangement by long and painful handshaking. It is the penalty of his greatness. It is the boast of his tormentor that he has thus gratified his ambition, and his vanity and conceit become intolerable in consequence to his less favoured neighbours.

At the close of this prolonged ceremony, the President had to preside over a Cabinet meeting, and to devote himself for some hours to his official duties, after which he would again be subject to the demands of the everlasting caller.

Since writing the above, painful confirmation of the suffering brought about by this unreasonable handshaking is evidenced in the illness of Mrs. McKinley. In a telegram from San Francisco, dated May 13th, 1901, and headed the "Worries of Handshaking," it is said that "Mrs. McKinley is suffering from extreme nervous prostration owing to the excitement of the Presidential trip, and that she also has a bruised hand, caused by constantly shaking hands with enthusiastic people *en route*."

During the short time we spent in inspecting the works of art and the treasures of the White House, we were fortunate enough to see Mrs. McKinley, escorted by some of the State officials, pass to the carriage awaiting her at the foot of the flight of marble steps. She walked with a limp, as if in pain, and bore heavily on the arm of a friend. She was plainly dressed; there was no parade of finery; but ladies' dress is always beyond me; I cannot describe it. Her carriage was open, was built on the lines of an English landau, and was drawn by a pair of good horses. The coachman and footman wore plain, quiet liveries. There was no ostentation.

We sought for places of historical interest, and Washington abounds with such.

No public tragedy during the last half century excited greater horror and consternation than did the assassination of President Lincoln at Ford's Theatre in Washington, in April, 1865, by the actor, Wilkes Booth. A tablet on the front of a house opposite to the Theatre, where the dying President was taken, bears a simple inscription recording the fact.

It would be difficult for me to attempt to describe the Capitol. Therefore I will content myself by saying that it is a glory in white marble, the most magnificent of all the grand State palaces which we have seen, and that it occupies a site unequalled for beauty and picturesqueness. A thousand pens have essayed the task of picturing this noble edifice, but only the pen of a genius could do it justice.

We entered the Senate Chamber and the House of Representatives. We saw its Courts of Justice, in one of which some dozen judges were engaged in listening to an appeal case. These judges were in plain morning dress, no wig, nor robe, nor gown, nor legal insignia to distinguish them from the man in the street. No antiquated parade nor medieval ceremony and dress were there, to jar on the sensitiveness of the plain, matter-of-fact Republican. Baubles are not tolerated—all men are equal (?).

American history is there told in a hundred forms, in painting, in fresco, and in sculpture. Patriotic artists have lavished their genius in the adornment of hall and vestibule and corridor. It is a triumph of solid elaboration and decoration.

But there was a fly in the amber ; there was a jarring note. American customs are not all borrowed from the Mother Country ; they are, happily, not all *our* customs. The noble corridor, with its white marble floor, and white marble walls, and marble statuary and glorious pictures, has a grandeur which appeals to all lovers of the beautiful. But at intervals along the centre of this corridor, there is a line of big ugly spittoons (the floor discoloured thereabouts), for the use of Senators, officials, and the public. To us the effect was most repellent and disgusting. It was discordant, too, and incongruous. It is the survival of an offensive habit which no longer characterises well-bred Americans in any of the States.

CHAPTER XVII.

VIRGINIA—ALEXANDRIA—MOUNT VERNON—GEO. WASHINGTON—ARLINGTON HEIGHTS—A SOLDIERS' CEMETERY—THE LEE FAMILY—THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

At a distance of sixteen miles from Washington is Mount Vernon, rendered famous as the home of George Washington and his wife in the stirring times at the close of the 18th century. Their graves, too, are there. All visitors to the capital city of the States make a pilgrimage to this national shrine.

For twenty-five cents the journey to and fro may be accomplished by electric train. Mount Vernon is in the State of Virginia, a State famous for its tobacco cultivation, and famous also for its chief city, Richmond, formerly the head-quarters of the Confederate Government.

After crossing the bridge which spans the Potomac River, we quickly covered the intervening eight miles to Alexandria. The cars pass through the main streets of the town, the local traffic necessitating many halts. On one occasion we pulled up opposite an ordinary looking shop. The outstretched Venetian pole indicated plainly enough

that it was a barber's shop, but the proprietor was no ordinary barber. Extending the whole length of the fascia was a sign bearing the legend in large letters, in all the glory of gold: "John Smith, Tonsorial Artist." I don't think we can match this in our unimaginative country.

Mount Vernon, an unattractive, old-fashioned, verandahed wooden building, large and roomy, is now a memorial-hall and museum. Every room has some interesting association with the great founder of the Republic; the ancient furniture has been preserved, portraits of the American patriots grace the walls, and there are gathered together many relics of the great epoch which culminated in the Independence of the States. Prominent amongst the treasures is the key of the Bastille of Paris, which was presented to George Washington by Lafayette.

The house occupies a charming position overlooking the Potomac, and commanding extensive views of the surrounding country.

George Washington was a man of simple habits and of noble character. These are nowhere more strikingly exemplified than in the quiet unpretentiousness of the brick-built sarcophagi which contain the remains of the General and his wife. There is nothing here to indicate rank and power and dominion. In his will he directed that his last resting-place should be of a plain and unostentatious character, and his wishes have been respected.

Some visitors are disappointed. One writer says, "Nowhere have I met a memorial of the illustrious dead, which outwardly presents so uninteresting and disappointing an appearance." But we were touched by its simplicity, and by the thought that the greatness of the man ennobled the tomb.

Another interesting spot is Arlington Heights, not far from Mount Vernon. As one is sacred to the memory of the great father of his country, the founder of the States, so the other is sacred, in the memory of the Southerners, to General Lee, the commander of its army. It was he who, in the internecine struggle between the North and the South, sought to undo the work which had been accomplished in 1775 and in subsequent years, by bringing about a disruption of the States, which as a nation had become numerous and strong beyond the wildest dreams of the early patriots.

Arlington Heights abounds with sad memories. It was the home of the Lee family, and was confiscated by the North as a penalty for the part the Lees had taken in the war.

The surrounding estate was converted into a soldiers' cemetery. Here are the graves of many of the illustrious dead, including those of the conspicuously successful Generals Sheridan and Sherman, and some sixteen thousand rank and file. But perhaps the saddest spot of all is that where the unknown heroes lie buried. Four thousand men

who fell in battle, whose names were unknown, are resting here. Such is the glory of war.

Here, too, is a memorial to the officers and men of the U.S. warship "The Maine," who perished when that vessel was blown up in time of peace, in the harbour of Havana—a prelude to the disastrous war which cost Spain its West Indian possessions of Cuba and Porto Rico, and the Phillippines in the Pacific.

While in Virginia we frequently remarked upon the English aspect of the country. Its scenery reminded us of the attractiveness of some of our own counties, with their hills and valleys and rivers and plantations. In its old days it was a wealthy and prosperous State. Cotton and tobacco were the chief products, but it suffered terribly both in men and treasure and prosperity as a consequence of the war.

Our visit to the Congressional Library in Washington was a most delightful one. It was a pleasure we had reserved. Mr. Putnam, the chief librarian, gave us a most hearty reception, and invited us to an inspection of all the departments of this the largest library in the New World. Mr. Hutcheson, the assistant librarian, accompanied us, and gave us the advantage of his knowledge and experience. He proved himself a charming literary companion.

The building, finished only three years ago, cost one and a quarter million pounds, and covers three

and a half acres of ground. It is in the Italian Renaissance style of architecture, is of noble proportions, and occupies a worthy site to the east of the Capitol, with which it is connected by a subterranean book railway.

Like the Capitol, it is built of white marble. Its immense halls are lavishly embellished with paintings and sculpture, and gorgeous in their schemes of colour and gold. The ceilings are marvellous conceptions, and the windows are resplendent with stained glass. The noble staircases of white marble are in harmony with the palatial character of the rest of the building.

Without exaggeration one might venture to say that as it is one of the most recent so it is one of the noblest treasure-houses of books in the world.

Mr. Putnam is an ardent bibliophile. He knows his books and he has a vast collection to guard. There are literally miles of books. The library contains eight hundred thousand volumes, besides a quarter of a million of pamphlets, the most ephemeral form of literature. Many of these are extremely scarce and valuable, especially those relating to the early history and geography of the American continent.

The books are disposed on shelves resting upon iron frames, which form one continuous unbroken range of cases from basement to uppermost storey. Perforated iron floors prevent the accumulation and lodgment of dust—a great enemy to books—and promote an efficient circulation of air.

By means of railways and mechanical carriers and constantly working lifts, communication is maintained by the officials in the central hall with the assistants on every floor. The mechanism is most ingenious. These economical arrangements are adopted in all the modern libraries.

A spacious hall in the basement is devoted to maps and charts, of which the library possesses some fifty thousand examples. While in the chart room I asked the superintendent of the department if he had any of the early maps of America in which California is shown as an island off the west coast, as it was believed to be by the old cartographers. He immediately produced a finely engraved and well-preserved map of the 16th Century in which California was so depicted.

In the newspaper room all the leading papers of the world find a place, and to us it was a matter of congratulation to see so many of the dailies and weeklies of our own country.

All the binding and repairs are executed in a well-equipped workshop, and another extensive room is devoted to the work of indexing and classification.

The reading-room is a brilliantly lighted and well ventilated apartment, well utilised by students of every grade and of both sexes.

Prominent amongst the readers was a distinguished looking man who attracted our attention. He was tall and stately, and his hair abundant and

long. His flowing white locks fell over his massive shoulders; quite a patriarch he looked; but we were told he was a poet. His coming work, which is to be his *chef d'œuvre*, is to eclipse in beauty of diction, in dignity of verse, and in versatility of thought, all that America has yet produced, and he dreams of being his country's laureate. This work is to be published in the coming autumn.

Mr. Hutcheson introduced us to the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Library, where every book is a treasure in itself, with some special history attaching to it, and where the rarest and most valuable books are kept. I was much amused when told the story of one book which was handed to me for my inspection. It contained the autograph of a famous English novelist. When Mr. Hall Caine was inspecting the Library two years ago, he took one of his own books and wrote his name in it. That volume is now actually in the *holy of holies*.

A copy of every book published in the United States must, by statutory requirement, be presented to this Library. In the United Kingdom the demands of the law are much more burdensome and irksome, for not less than five copies of the best edition of every book may be demanded, one each by the British Museum, the Bodleian in Oxford, the Cambridge University Library, the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, and Trinity College, Dublin. Naturally enough, publishers and authors groan under this impost, and comply with reluctance, but there is no redress.

To drive about Washington in the districts occupied by public buildings and museums, and also in the residential quarter where the embassies of foreign governments are located, is quite as agreeable as it would be to drive in a public park, besides being more diversified and interesting.

Curiously enough, the Chinese ambassador occupies the largest and handsomest house in the district, that of the British Embassy ranking about fourth in importance. There is a fitness of things in the fact that those men who are "lying abroad for the good of their country" should be gathered together within easy reach of each other, and that a quarter should be reserved for them where they may continue to lie without restraint.

We visited the Smithsonian Institution; we marvelled at the architectural grandeur of the buildings occupied by the War Department; and we gazed with admiration upon the monuments of men who have made history, and upon the colossal column which celebrates the Union of the States. We left many things unseen, and we unwittingly neglected to call upon some friends from the old country; but we could not accomplish the impossible. In a limit of three days we had done much, but we had only touched the fringe of the glories of this wonderful city.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS—THE ROYAL LIMITED—A PULLMAN TRAIN — LUGGAGE AND ITS DIFFICULTIES — HOTEL BARBERS' SHOPS—BOOT CLEANING—TIPS.

The moment had arrived to say farewell to Washington, one of the model cities of the world, and the most modern capital city amongst the great nations. We left it regretfully, and with reluctance. There are so many places of natural and historical interest within easy reach of the city that it put a strain upon us to leave without seeing them. The passion for travel and sight-seeing grows by what it feeds on. Our time was up, and time is an arbitrary task-master.

The distance from Washington to New York is 228 miles, a journey which occupied us five hours and five minutes, with only three stoppages.

We booked seats in the train de luxe, described in the time table as the "Royal Limited," of "exclusively Pullman equipment," and consisting of "drawing room, parlor, observation, smoking, and dining cars." It was in fact a Pullman train. The railway company takes the ordinary fares, and the

Pullman company, in return for the provision of its carriages and equipment, receives the extra sum charged for travelling in this well-appointed train, which is, as nearly as possible, the difference between a first-class and a third-class fare.

We had taken return tickets to New York, and as these were only available by ordinary train, we had to pay the difference, amounting to many dollars for our party of three.

The cars are of great length, open from end to end, not divided into sections, as are the first-class saloon carriages on English railways. There is, therefore, little of that privacy and seclusion, which English travellers at home generally value. A gangway down the centre enables the passenger to move freely to and fro, and to go from car to car, but I cannot say that this kind of exercise on board a quickly travelling express is very enjoyable or to be commended.

Arm chairs are fixed on each side of the gangway, and these chairs revolve on a swivel, so that it is convenient for a small party to sit together. Every chair is numbered, and the passenger's ticket corresponds with the number on the chair, and that chair only is he at liberty to use.

The furniture, the upholstery, and the decoration are artistic and pleasing, and there is an air of comfort, if not of actual luxury, which is grateful to one setting out on a long journey. All the carriages are lighted by electricity, and are heated by steam pipes.

Before visiting the States I had heard severe strictures passed upon English railway stations and English waiting-rooms by an American who had travelled but little on our railways. The complaint was that our waiting-rooms were small, cold, and badly furnished. The condemnation was thorough, and the laudation of the American system most enthusiastic.

I had not then seen an American railway station, nor its vaunted waiting-rooms; so I was at a serious disadvantage in contending that the provision afforded was fairly good, if not quite so luxurious as in the great Republic.

I have seen a great many American railway stations since, and have chafed under duress in some of their unattractive waiting-rooms, where all passengers, without distinction, black and white, are herded together awaiting the arrival of a train.

When the train arrives the door of the waiting-room is opened, and passengers rush and crowd across the metals to the "track" occupied by the train. It may be track 4, 5, or 6. You must risk life and limb by literally walking over the metals of the several lines until you reach the object of your search. As may be imagined, serious accidents and violent deaths have resulted from this primitive and dangerous arrangement. There are no platforms as we know them; they will come in time, however, and with their advent many a cruel death and much suffering will be averted.

But primitive and dangerous in a still higher degree is the practice of carrying the main lines of an important railway, whose goods and passenger traffic is of great magnitude, through the business and residential streets of important and populous towns. I saw this repeatedly, notably in Syracuse, Buffalo, and Baltimore.

Such a state of things would not be tolerated in this country for a day. Level crossings are bad enough, and we condemn them and are gradually superseding them, but they are trifling and insignificant compared with this serious blot on the American railway system. There have been victims innumerable, and tragedies are constantly occurring, and it behoves the authorities to insist upon a revolution in this direction.

It is a popular error to say that there is only one class for passengers on American railways. There are the ordinary car and the parlour car, which present a difference as marked as between our first-class and third-class.

The American passenger carries all his portable impedimenta into the carriage; he must needs carry it himself, for porters are few and far between, and when found are not at the service of every man and woman who is encumbered with valise, bird-cage, bonnet-box, and parcel.

This is sorely felt by English travellers, and is a serious discomfort to those who have been accustomed to the facilities afforded on the arrival of long-

distance expresses at such stations as Paddington, Waterloo, King's Cross, and Euston, where porters abound. Pecuniarily the American companies must be great gainers by the non-employment of large bodies of such servants; but this gain is in some measure neutralised by the retention on board the trains of what seemed to us to be an unnecessarily large staff of travelling officials.

Ingress and egress are obtained only at the ends of the carriages.

Remarks are often made about the huge size of American trunks. These trunks are, undoubtedly, capacious, sufficiently so to carry the reasonable belongings of a small family, when travelling for rest and change. It is with a view to economy that they are so large; it is much easier under the transfer system to pay a shilling for one great bulky article, than to be mulcted in five shillings for five small boxes.

Furthermore, trunks, heavy boxes, and cumbersome packages, must be deposited at the baggage office at least fifteen minutes before the advertised time of departure of a train. Numbered metal checks are given, which correspond with the metal check attached to each piece of luggage, a safe if tedious system; and, except by culpable negligence, one's luggage should never be lost.

Whether such a plan would be acceptable on English railways is open to doubt. It has frequently been advocated, but railway companies have hesi-

tated to adopt it. The time expended in the process of booking would, I feel certain, prove an insuperable bar to its acceptance. To us it was an irksome process, and personally I prefer the English method of having one's luggage labelled to its destination by a company's official at the company's risk.

Punctuality is a virtue which we greatly appreciated in the arrival and despatch of trains. We were never a minute late. As I have said above, passengers must take care of themselves; if they are not ready it is their own fault—the train will glide out of the station at the advertised time to the second.

On English railways, especially on long-distance trains, compartments are reserved exclusively for the use of ladies. I know of no corresponding privilege on American lines. As I have said before the cars are of great length, with no divisions, and a crying or troublesome child may disturb the comfort of all the passengers, and jar the nerves of the sensitive ones. Even in an ordinary compartment on an English railway an infliction of this kind is an annoyance not willingly suffered, but in our corridor trains there are ready means of escape. Not so in America, where the victims are more numerous, and escape almost impossible.

Another source of annoyance and danger to health is the vexed question of open or closed windows. This is aggravated by the increased means of persecution, and by the numerous facilities

afforded to the cantankerous and wilful passenger, of inflicting misery upon his fellows. Two or three open windows in the fore part of a carriage may set up a draught sufficient to turn a windmill, to the discomfort and risk of a score of long-suffering and unaggressive travellers. Where there is no mutual consideration there is no happy medium; the robust and delicate must journey together, and take the consequences.

Freight, or goods trains as we call them, are of prodigious length. I have frequently seen such trains a third of a mile long. Railway authorities claim that in this way they effect considerable economy in the cost of haulage as against the more frequent but shorter English trains. And it seems to me that the claim is a reasonable one.

At the city stations there are but few cabs awaiting the arrival of trains; probably not a tithe of the number to be found at important stations in England. Passengers are chary of incurring the exorbitant charges which are demanded by the Yankee Jehu, and prefer other and more economical means of locomotion.

Everywhere in our travels our luggage had proved a source of annoyance and a heavy expense to us. Our troubles commenced on the Cunard landing stage before we actually set foot on the soil of New York, and these troubles accompanied us wherever we went. Express companies' officials meet all the steamers, accompany all the trains, and

convey luggage to and fro. This system entails a serious drain upon one's funds. I will narrate our initial experiences, and these may be taken as a sample of what we had to suffer whenever we moved; and the reader knows we moved frequently during our tour in the States.

After passing the customs' officer, a matter of no difficulty with us, though some of our returning American friends were not so fortunate, we called an "express" officer to take charge of our luggage and convey it to the Manhattan Hotel, a distance of two miles. We had nine pieces, consisting of trunks, portmanteaus, rolls, and handbags. Of course we tried to make a bargain, and it may be that we did, but we could not escape for a less charge than nine shillings, equal to one shilling per package, and this we found to be the uniform charge wherever we went. This was for luggage only. We were familiar with the stories told of the extortionate charges demanded by the New York cabby, and being forewarned we avoided him. His fare for the two miles would have been, had we found a moderate man, quite two dollars, equal to eight shillings; but by walking a short distance we found the electric cars and reached our destination at a cost of five cents each.

In order that readers may judge of the galling impositions that have to be suffered, I will by way of contrast, state the case on the assumption that like charges were in vogue in Torquay. Assume

that three passengers alighted at Torquay station, their destination being the Higher Warberry or the Higher Lincombe, and that they were encumbered with nine articles of luggage. In the first place they would have to arrange with an express company's official for its carriage at a cost of nine shillings, and in addition to this to engage a cab at a further cost of eight shillings for the drive of two miles, a total of seventeen shillings for what would be readily done in this less go-ahead and less extravagant country for a sum of five shillings.

Strangers have to pay the penalty of inexperience in many ways, and it is a true saying that "experience keeps a dear school." In England the charge for luggage left in the cloak room of a station is twopence per separate article. Innocently enough, we expected the charge would be much the same here, but in this we erred. There is no charge for the first twenty-four hours. We gave America due credit for being in advance of English railway facilities in this respect, and made a note of the fact for English consumption. But we had reckoned without our host. Unfortunately we had left four parcels in the office for more than the twenty-four hours, and the reader may judge of our surprise and indignation when on the second day we were called upon to pay four shillings for the warehousing of those parcels. We had learnt a lesson, and paid for it.

While speaking of the unreasonable charges in

which one is mulcted, I may here say a word or two about some other phases of business and of customs which are peculiar to America, and are exasperating to one who has been accustomed to travel on the Continent of Europe, or to tour in North Wales, the Lake District, or the Highlands of Scotland.

In all the first-class hotels there are, usually in the basement, barber's shops and boot-cleaning stands. It is of no use to leave boots outside the bedroom door, they would be found there in the morning just as they were left at night. One must needs go down in dirty boots, find the boot cleaner, and pay fivepence for the luxury of a shine. Wearers of the tan can avoid this impost, and rejoice in the daily saving thereby effected.

The barber is a man of consequence ; he is a professor, an artist ; and the luxury of a morning shave is only to be enjoyed at the cost of one shilling. Fortunately I saved this, but I once got into the clutches of a master of the art in Fourth Avenue in New York, who for simply cutting my hair demanded the sum of forty cents, which I paid without remark. In this I was more fortunate than a fellow passenger on board the "Lucania," who had paid fifty cents, equal to two shillings and a penny, for a like operation. He protested and used strong language, but the barber smiled, exacted his fee, and remained master of the situation.

Telegraphing is a costly convenience. When we

were in Montreal I wished to apprise my cousin in New York of our movements. He took charge of our letters and rendered us many valuable services. I sent twelve words, for which I paid forty cents. On asking the reason for this seemingly extravagant charge, I was informed that it was a foreign rate, and that messages for the United States were not sent at the same rates as prevailed in the Dominion. Canada is a sparsely populated country, and of vast extent, and the inland tariff for telegraphy is much higher than in England, in consequence of the limited number of messages, of the great distances to be covered by the wires, and of the large amount of capital invested in the undertaking.

Some eighteen months ago I had been assured by an American friend who was visiting England, that in the States the practice of "tipping" hotel servants, railway employés, and all the parasitical multitude which afflict the traveller, was unknown. My friend complained of it here as an intolerable nuisance and a vexatious burden, and protested strongly against the system. I have come to the conclusion that he had not travelled much in his own country.

Acting on his agreeable information I abstained from offering insult to the waiter on the occasion of our first meal at the hotel in New York. I had no desire to introduce an objectionable practice, nor to corrupt the morals of a worthy and dignified body of men. At the conclusion of the meal we paid the bill

to the waiter, took our change, politely thanked him for his attention and for the information he had given us in reply to our inquiries, and left the table. That waiter's countenance would have made a splendid study for an artist. He was speechless; he seemed petrified. We left him rivetted to the spot.

We thought that the waiters were probably not accustomed to such profuse thanks, and that they had affected his nerves. We never repeated that experiment.

Next morning when we ventured into the coffee room for breakfast, every waiter there, and there were many of them, knew us. And we knew that they knew us. They seemed to take a curious and inexplicable interest in our welfare. Before leaving the table, we, with a thirst for information that is useful in a strange country, innocently asked whether the waiters were paid handsome wages for their services, in order that guests should not be pestered for "tips." Then came the revelation that these poor fellows are almost entirely dependent upon the gratuities given by the guests for their livelihood, and for that of their wives and families. We at once conformed to custom, and ever afterwards, at every meal, wherever we went, we paid toll for three. I have not tried to compute the total thus expended, but it would represent a considerable figure.

Where in England sixpence would suffice, at least one shilling would be required in America.

A good story was told to me by a gentleman

from Bradford, in Yorkshire. In New York he got a man to carry his bag for a few hundred yards, it was a very short distance, and he rewarded him with a ten-cent silver piece. The man looked at it. He seemed interested in it. My informant thought that maybe he had given him too much. The man was evidently disturbed in his mind, so the gentleman asked him what was agitating him. He held out the coin, and asked what *that* was for. My friend somewhat nervously explained, for he did not wish to offend the man's dignity, when the porter with some asperity handed back the coin, and told him to go and buy a few cheap cigars for himself down Broadway.

CHAPTER XIX.

CRUDE NOTIONS ABOUT ENGLAND—THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC
—AMERICANS' SOBRIETY—INTEMPERANCE IN DRUGS—
—AMERICA THE "YOUNG MAN" OF THE NATIONS—THE
LENOX LIBRARY, NEW YORK—A LITERARY SHRINE.

Some Americans, the untravelled ones, have amusingly crude notions about England, its government, its politics, taxation, and customs. One gentleman, in the course of conversation, expressed his surprise that the English people would peaceably submit to be taxed for the maintenance of the church and the clergy. When I assured him that we paid no such tax he was dubious, for he had heard it on good authority; and it was not until I gave him my own experience as a householder for more than thirty-five years that he became reconciled to the truth.

Another American would not believe that members of Parliament in England were so magnanimous as to give their services to their country without fee or pecuniary reward. Members of the Legislature don't do so in America. He said human nature was the same all the world over, and that the Britisher

was as earnest in his quest after the almighty dollar as the man of any other nation. It was essaying a hopeless task to persuade him to the contrary, so I suppose he is still convinced that cupidity is the mainspring which actuates the honourable gentlemen whom we have so long deludedly regarded as lovers of their country.

I could fill a column with stories of the quaint notions entertained of our country and people by the unsophisticated American citizen. We need not wonder. Even our next-door neighbour, the suave but mercurial Frenchman, is mystified and ignorant beyond redemption concerning everything pertaining to England. He regards us with jealousy, looks upon us as perfidious, and is confident that in everything we do we are in some occult manner plotting against his country. Much may therefore be forgiven the far-distant American for his lack of knowledge.

I will, as briefly as possible, now deal with a phase of American life which impressed us most forcibly, and which redounds greatly to the credit of the people. I refer particularly to the drinking customs, to the traffic in and consumption of intoxicating liquors.

Let me say at the outset that the Americans are an emphatically sober people, and clear-headed withal, it may be as a consequence of their sobriety. But it is certain that the stamina of the nation and the national character are improved by the practice

of the virtue of temperance. I have spoken before of the immunity of guests in hotels from pressure to partake of intoxicating liquors with their meals, and how much we were surprised on first taking our places at the dinner table, to find that the waiter, immediately he had placed the menu in our hands, commenced to fill our glasses with iced water. When this was done he was prepared to take our orders. Course after course was served, and the dinner concluded, but the wine list was never presented. The list was certainly lying on the table, but our attention was not directed to it.

We remarked upon this, to us, unusual feature at an hotel dinner, and naturally enough, our curiosity excited, we, with all due caution, made observation of the numerous other tables in the saloon. There were, at a moderate computation, one hundred and twenty people dining, and dinner is evidently as great an institution in America as it is in England, but so far as we could discover there were not six glasses of wine or spirits in the room. This was our first experience. We stayed at hotels and dined at hotels in every city that we visited, in the States and in Canada; we went to the best hotels everywhere, and that experience was everywhere confirmed. Only once was the wine list presented to us, and then it was by a young waiter who was presumably fresh to the business, for he did it in a rather nervous and hesitating manner.

It was the same at luncheon, and I was credibly informed that in commercial hotels a like abstinence prevailed. One rarely saw wines or spirits on the table.

Intemperance in the consumption of drugs is a greater evil to-day in New York and other great cities than is intemperance in the use of alcohol.

During our travels we covered some two thousand miles, and spent most of our time in the great commercial and populous cities. Yet from first to last we saw but one drunken man.

On the day before our departure for home I called upon a New York journalist, Mr. Ward, to whom I had an introduction. We soon discovered our affinities in more ways than one. He was a fellow Yorkshireman. Five years ago he left Bradford to engage in newspaper enterprise in New York. We spent a pleasant hour together, in the course of which I expressed surprise and pleasure at finding that the drink fiend had not taken possession body and soul of the people there in the same measure that it had in some European countries. He gladly confirmed our conclusions, and further said that during his five years' residence in that great cosmopolitan city he had not seen five men the worse for liquor. Mr. Henderson, another journalist, from Sunderland, bore further witness to this commendable trait in the American character. He assured me that in twelve years he had not seen twelve men in a state of intoxication.

Public houses are not so numerous as with us, and the drinks sold are not so potent for evil. The popular drinks, so far as I could judge, but I must say my opportunities of judging were not such as enabled me to form a conclusive opinion, are a light lager beer and rye whisky, both of local manufacture. I tried both, and I tried some of those mysterious concoctions which the barman dispenses, and which are known as cock-tails, stiffeners, and by a legion of extraordinary names. The lager beer is a pleasant drink, containing but little alcohol, but the rye whisky, like most spirits, needs an acquired taste for its appreciation. Expert knowledge and long training are necessary for the compounder of fancy drinks. One expert told me that he had the recipes for over two hundred varieties. But moderation in their consumption was the feature which commanded admiration.

In the large hotels the quietest and least frequented department seemed almost invariably to be the bar.

A glass of Scotch whisky, of a reputable brand, costs 25 cents, and a reputed pint of Bass's ale or Guinness's stout 30 cents, and most Englishmen seem quite willing to pay these abnormal prices for their favourite beverages.

Working people, men and women, and their children too, were well dressed and seemed comfortably circumstanced. There was an absence of visible poverty. Beggars we never saw. That pest

of our pavements, the street-corner loafer, was nowhere in evidence. An air of contentment and prosperity characterised the people.

Truly America is "the young man of the nations." The American people have the vitality, the hope, and the energy of youth.

Englishmen who have been visiting the States on business for years past speak with confidence of its great future. Year by year they note its development and progress with positive amazement, and year by year they find competition with our own manufacturers more severe and orders for English goods more difficult to procure.

Our last two days in New York were exceedingly busy ones. My daughter had to pay visits to friends and my son to look up old acquaintances with whom he had foregathered in London. I called upon several of the prominent New York publishers, and had long conversations upon matters which were mutually interesting; and I had another great library to visit.

New York is the proud possessor of what is beyond doubt the largest collection of really rare and valuable books on the American continent. It was the gift of one man, Mr. James Lenox. This library had a great fascination for me, and I spent much time in my devotions at this literary shrine. It is a collection of bibliographic treasures. Mr. Lenox, a wealthy and philanthropic citizen, succeeded by means of his agents in the principal cities of

Europe, in gathering together at enormous cost, choice copies of the rarest productions of the press of the 15th and 16th centuries. Early voyages and travels, especially those relating to the American continent, are more numerous than in any of its national collections. Fine copies of the first editions of the quarto plays of Shakespere, and magnificent copies of the four folios, commencing with that of 1623, are a joy and a temptation to the book collector.

The Collection of Bibles, too, might vie with those of Fry, and Atkinson, and Huth, in extent and completeness, and would more than equal them in beauty and perfection. Here are copies of the "Breeches" Bible, the "Wicked" Bible, the "Treacle" Bible, the "Bug" Bible, the "Bishops'" Bible, and a host of others, almost every one with some interesting story attached to its acquisition.

Here, too, is the famous Mazarine Bible, printed by Gutenberg, 1450-55, the first Bible printed from movable types, copies of which have in recent years made prices ranging from £1,600 to nearly £4,000.

In a previous paragraph I have spoken of these treasures as a temptation. On the morning of the day of our visit, our last full day in the States, a miscreant was detected in the act of abstracting engravings from a rare and early printed book. It was known that valuable books had been mutilated in this way, a watch had been kept for months, and at last the culprit was, by an attendant, detected

engaged in a most ingenious manipulation, most difficult to observe, which resulted in the removal of map or woodcut.

Needless to say he was at once handed over to the police.

The time had come to say good-bye to American travel, to American pleasures, and to all our friends, and to make our arrangements for the voyage home.

It was fitting that those who had welcomed us and entertained us on our arrival should be our guests on the eve of our departure. My cousin and his wife had met us on the landing stage, and strange though it may appear, he recognised me at sight, after an interval of thirty-five years. A new world had sprung up around each of us during those years. While in New York we contrived to spend two delightful evenings together. What a budget we had to unfold! What reminiscences of our boyhood days bubbled up from the depths of our memories!

As a young man he was an engraver on the staff of "Punch," and he had many stories to tell of the giants of those days; of the artists and brilliant writers who were associated with Mark Lemon, John Leech, and "Dicky" Doyle. Wood engraving, as an art, has practically gone, the cheaper process-picture having almost entirely superseded the more artistic creations of man's hand and brain. Late on that last night we parted in the hope that we might yet meet again.

CHAPTER XX.

THE VOYAGE HOME—THE CUNARD STEAMER "LUCANIA"—
CABINS AND STATE ROOMS — FELLOW PASSENGERS—
"FAMILY HISTORY"—"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE"—SUNDAY
SERVICE AT SEA—THE DAY'S RUN.

On Saturday afternoon, the 20th of October, at one o'clock to the minute, the "Lucania" left her berth at the Cunard Wharf, New York, bound for the good old mother country.

We set out on our voyage without misgiving, cheered by the presence of friends and encouraged by their good wishes.

Practically, we had left nothing undone which we had set out to do; we had carried out our programme in its entirety, our itinerary was exhausted; hence there was no occasion to indulge in vain regrets about unfulfilled hopes and wasted opportunities.

The first concern of a passenger when on board the steamer is to find his cabin, and to judge of the quality of his sleeping accommodation. We had booked rooms almost amidship, a good position, where the pitch and roll of the vessel were reduced to

a minimum, and where the vibration caused by the screw and by the working of the powerful engines, was least likely to incommode us.

A word or two about ships' cabins might prove interesting. These are dignified by the name of "state rooms." This sounds better than cabin; it has a more aristocratic ring about it; and in the ordinary parlance of the passenger it receives an emphasis and an importance which would not attach to the less exalted title.

Down in the depths, some three "storeys" down from the promenade deck, we thread our way along electrically-lighted narrow passages, until we come to the block bearing amongst others the numbers of our state rooms. They have height and breadth and width, but there is no space wasted.

Six feet three inches long by seven feet six inches wide, or thereabouts, is supposed to provide accommodation for four adult sleepers in four berths. Only one man can "occupy the floor" at one time, so whether it be the act of retiring at night or rising in the morning, it must be done singly and in turn.

This compactness was never devised by the genius of one man; it has been accomplished by a process of evolution.

But, of course, there are state rooms and state rooms. On this, our return voyage, we were more fortunate than on the outward one. My son and I had a state room to ourselves, and my daughter

enjoyed a like privilege, besides, in each case we had the additional comfort of a sofa. For those who suffer at sea, such rooms must be a paradise compared with those in the older ships.

Another matter of concern is the position one shall occupy at table throughout the voyage. The chief steward sits at the head of the table in the saloon with the plan of the tables before him, and one by one the passengers in proper order and rotation, in true democratic fashion, make their choice. It is a long and tedious process; the knowing ones are early on the spot, and secure the best seats. On both voyages we fared well, having good places at the central table. It is impossible to make a selection of the fellow-occupants of your state room; you must put up with such as by chance may fall to your lot, be they amiable and considerate, or disagreeable and perverse. But at table you can exercise some choice, and may by a little preliminary arrangement form a pleasant social party.

I mention these features in some detail because the comfort and pleasure of a voyage depend largely upon what may seem at first sight to be matters of trifling importance.

The first day is a day of bustle and scrutiny. Our surroundings are novel—we have to learn the way about, a matter of no small difficulty in a great ship, some six hundred feet long, more like a giant floating hotel than anything to which I can liken it.

We are always losing our bearings, and almost hopelessly wandering in wrong directions. It requires the gift of locality to master the intricacies of this great caravansary. Some passengers are as puzzled at the end of six days as they were on the first day. One member of our party, a genial Scotchman, could not, when seated at dinner, by effort of memory or imagination, possibly tell in what direction we were steaming; and it was a standing joke against him that he had to explore the whole ship before he could find either the smoking saloon or the reading room; it was a bewildering maze to him.

There were one hundred and seventy saloon passengers on board—English, Irish, Scotch, and American, with a small admixture of French and German. To know the names of these on such slight acquaintance would be quite impossible, but to identify our fellow passengers becomes an easy matter after two or three days. Every man, aye, and every woman, too, has some characteristic or peculiarity which is promptly noted, and following ancient precedent, that characteristic furnishes a by-name or nickname appropriate to the person denominated.

An example occurs to me. After the icy reserve of the first two days had succumbed to more genial conditions, one gentleman became most confidential and communicative, not only to us, but to his fellow passengers generally. His case is a well-known one; I have met in the course of an hour's journey in a

railway carriage men suffering from the same idiosyncrasy. He told us all about his father, his grandfathers, his great grandfathers, his uncles, his aunts, and his cousins. He told us about the old family portraits which had been painted by eminent artists, some two hundred years ago, now in the possession of his father, but only held in trust for him, the eldest son. His family had, indeed, been a doughty one ; its arms had many quarterings, and if not ennobled, it had all the virtues of nobility. Such cases are common enough. We all know them. We dubbed him "Family History," and by that name he was known on board.

Another passenger had peculiar religious views, and the more I see of the world the more I am convinced that most men's religious views are peculiar, especially when they do not accord with one's own. In season and out of season he insisted upon the saving grace of his own theology, and the hopeless insufficiency of every other creed. His craze was "Christian Science," and that became his agnomen.

A Texan, with all the drawl of the West, and a nasal twang which grated painfully on Eastern ears, was known as the "Prairie." And so on with scores of others.

I ought to have mentioned before that the drawl and nasal twang usually associated with American speech in the minds of Englishmen, are now only heard in a modified form in the Eastern

States. They have almost passed away, as have also those once familiar Yankeeisms "I guess" and "I calculate." A few years hence and they will be regarded as archaic, and relegated to the limbo of bygone things.

Our second day at sea was Sunday. The morning was bright and warm, the sea as placid as Torbay when no disturbing wind is blowing, and there was a clear blue sky overhead. It was an ideal Sunday morning; there was a sense of calm repose in nature. Service was announced at 10.30 in the dining saloon. There was a goodly number present. The purser, a man of fine presence, and possessed of a good voice, conducted the service. We commenced by singing "O God our help in ages past;" then we had an adaptation of the Church of England prayers; the Psalms and the Lessons for the day followed. The Lessons were read with an appreciation and enunciation too rarely found in those who minister to the spiritual needs of the people.

One prayer was very touching in its appropriateness; it was for use by those at sea for the dear ones we had left at home. We prayed, too, for the Queen and for the President of the United States. It was a novel service to me in the fact of its being on board a ship and at sea, and it was beautiful in its earnestness and simplicity.

A matter of great daily interest is the posting of the log showing the number of knots travelled

during the twenty-four hours; it forms the subject of innocent conversation, of profound speculation, of small pools and of big gambles. The first day's run was 396 knots, a fairly good performance.

Clocks and watches at sea are delusive and bewildering. Whether it be the westward voyage to the States, or the eastward voyage home, the time is always wrong. On the outward voyage the day was prolonged to twenty-five hours, to the serious discomfort and discontent of those who were always looking forward to the pleasures of the table. On the return voyage we experienced the opposite effect, the day was only of twenty-three hours' duration. We never quite knew where we were. At twelve midnight, and twelve noon, the ship's clocks were adjusted. The disorganisation was serious. It reduced the night's rest by half-an-hour, caused people to be late for breakfast, and crowded meals together. An hour taken out of a day is a very serious matter to the man of method and of regular habits. It seriously interfered with the digestion, the rest, and the sleep of some of our company. It takes seven hours out of the living week, and thus shortens life, a sacrifice few men are willing to suffer.

Assuming that the weather is fairly good, and that it be possible to sit on or to promenade the deck, passengers generally think more of the cuisine than they do of the sea-going qualities of the ship. The "Lucania," judged in either respect, deserves a good reputation. The food is excellent and abundant, and

what to the fastidious in such matters is more important, it is well cooked. Of course there are some discontented ones, who out of sheer contrariness, make disparaging comparisons, but the Cunard Company assuredly does not fall far behind its competitors.

In good weather the promenades of the ship resemble the Torquay Strand on a bright sunshiny morning. There is much passing to and fro ; all the young people are cheerful and vivacious ; it is a gay scene. Deck chairs are occupied by the elders, the library is largely drawn upon, and many make a pretence of reading, but where there is so much life and motion the pleasures of reading must succumb to the greater pleasures of conversation and criticism.

When only one day out from New York, we were far away from land. No land was visible. I will quote a few lines from my diary : " The wind has sprung up since noon, and the 'Lucania,' notwithstanding her immense size, is palpably subject to the influence of the waves. She is rolling a little. There is no discomfort as yet ; it is the pitching motion that clears the decks and sends the people to their berths ; and so far we have preserved an even keel. The sea is magnificent ; the sun is shining brilliantly. Our ship is the centre of a great field of white horses, extending far away to the horizon. On every hand we see a grand panorama of agitated waters, of foam-crested up-rearing waves. There are greens of varied hues, changing every moment as the rays of

the welcome sun glint upon the waves. There is a grandeur here which can only be realised when far away on the wild waters. It is still warm on deck; the wind is blowing from the west at a greater rate than we are steaming, fully twenty miles an hour, and strange as it may appear, it is quite pleasant on deck, and the scene can be enjoyed by all on board."

CHAPTER XXI.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC OCEAN—THE GAMES ON A LINER'S DECK—SPOON AND POTATO RACE—DRAWING-ROOM GAMES—GAMBLING.

It may seem somewhat of a paradox to the untravelled landsman when I say that a strong steady wind against the steamer enables her to make greater speed. But it is so. By means of enormous canvas funnels, in shape like the red-painted ventilators on deck, rigged up with their mouths open in the very teeth of the wind, continuous currents of air are conveyed direct to the furnaces, the draught is immensely increased, and the great ship bounds along like a thing of life, with an accelerated speed of three or four knots an hour. There is a further advantage, the stokers can carry on their trying work under more favourable conditions, they can breathe more freely; the stoke-hole becomes less of a stifling inferno.

The weather was brilliant throughout the homeward voyage. On the outward voyage it was very different; then we suffered three days' continuous storm, and on three occasions ran into fog. Fog at

sea is the mariner's greatest foe, and the passenger's greatest dread. The most experienced captain is almost helpless in face of such a danger. Every precaution is taken, the captain keeps his place on the bridge, the number of officers and men on the look-out is increased, the speed of the vessel is reduced, and the shrill, penetrating warning of the fog-horn goes forth over the hidden waters. To the passenger whose nervous organisation is easily disturbed, the ordeal is a trying one.

The Banks of Newfoundland, some six or seven hundred miles across, form a region of fog, and we rejoiced when on the third day out from New York we had cleared this menacing danger, and were in the broad open seaway of the Atlantic Ocean.

In good weather life on board a great liner carrying many passengers need not be dull or monotonous. Of course, people must make their own pleasure, and it is surprising how much can be done in this way, especially by those younger ones who have great fertility of resource, a lively imagination, and a fund of humour. Dulness is incompatible with youth; even some amongst the seniors always seem to be young, for they are in at every sport or merry-making, and are as fond of frolic and diversion, and display as much exuberance of spirit, as the boy and the girl in their teens.

I have in my mind the picture of the old gentleman who was never so happy, whose face was never so beaming with smiles, as when he was

engaged in the games on deck or in the drawing-room. His delight was to encourage the young ones.

As an example of the games which find much favour and make the time fly, I will, in a few words, refer to the Spoon and Potato Race. The young folks simply revelled in it. Gentlemen paid an entrance fee of 6d., ladies were free. We had Ladies' Stakes and Gentlemen's Stakes, with subscriptions added. On one occasion the stakes amounted to thirty shillings, and yielded prizes of one pound, seven shillings, and three shillings, respectively. It was great fun, and we roared with laughter at the comical efforts of the contestants to get a big distorted potato on to a teaspoon, without its being touched by the hand, and then to run round a few deck chairs and home again without dropping the potato. Men and women, old and young, some with titles and many without, joined in the sport. Ladies were much more expert with the spoon than were the gentlemen, and they gained all the prizes.

Drawing-room games are equally amusing if not quite so boisterous. After dinner, in the evening, the smokers and players at card games betake themselves to the smoking-room; others promenade the decks; for a while the drawing-room is almost deserted. But the wits of the ladies have been at work, they have devised some entertainments in which many can join, and soon a corner of the drawing-room presents a scene of bustle and excitement. Blindfold games are a prolific source of hilarity.

Pinning the tail on the donkey, the donkey being a tailless paper figure posted on the side of the saloon, affords unbounded pleasure. The possibilities of the blindfold one, with pin and paper-tail in hand ready for attaching, making some grotesque blunder, are infinite. One old gentleman had a narrow escape of being stilettoed in the head. He was seated on a sofa within range of the operations, when a young lady, assured in her own mind that the donkey was before her, made an effort to attach the tail to him.

These comical situations simply convulse the onlookers, who, when their turn comes, make equally amusing mistakes.

Another agreeable pastime was a blindfold drawing competition, the subject a pig. This found great favour; there were twenty-two entries, and the contest was a severe one. I was appointed judge, and I now regret that I did not preserve some of the art specimens for exhibition at home. The conditions were equal, a sheet of notepaper, a pencil, and the zealous watchfulness of two scrutineers. The results were extremely diverse and diverting; few bore the slightest resemblance to a pig; one was like a wheelbarrow, another like a table, while many were simply indescribable. I awarded the first prize to a young lady, for a very creditable effort, but it was afterwards suggested by some of the unsuccessful ones that she had probably taken a sly peep whilst engaged upon the study.

These may seem light and trivial matters. So

they are, but life is mainly made up of little things. Innocent amusements help to prolong life. In this way the tedium of a voyage is relieved; and the passengers are brought together in friendly association.

By day on deck we had tug-of-war, quoits, and a diversity of amusements, some of which were witnessed by almost all the occupants of the saloon.

I have spoken of pools and gambles on the day's run. In the smoking room, after dinner, the prospective mileages for the day are put up for auction; the committee or syndicate, guided by the previous day's performance, fix a range of say from 464 to 484 knots, and each number, 464, 465, and so on, is sold separately. The sum realised for a fixed mile may run up to two pounds, more or less, and as there are twenty single miles to sell, it will be seen that these alone may yield a total of say £30. Then comes the excitement, the keenest competition, for all distances below 464 are sold in one lot, which is called the "low field;" and all above 484 in another lot called the "high field." It sometimes happens that the "high field" will make ten to fifteen pounds; or the "low field" may make an equally large sum. One gentleman twice won the "pool" during the voyage, netting at least eighty pounds. Of course this is gambling, and I am sorry to say that gambling in this and in other ways finds many devotees.

The Americans are enthusiasts at poker; they

play in season and out of season, morning, afternoon, and night, and for high stakes too. Gold and silver coins pass to and fro just as if they were mere counters. I was told that on the outward voyage of the "Lucania" one passenger lost four hundred pounds, but there were not such excessively heavy stakes on the homeward voyage.

Chess, draughts, dominoes, whist, nap, and a host of other games provide relaxation and amusement for ladies in the drawing room, and for gentlemen in the smoking room.

A ship sighted in the distance is watched with the interest which comes of that fellow-feeling that makes akin all humanity afloat. It is an object of sympathy in the world of water and sky around us.

When nearly a thousand miles from Queenstown gulls were flying about us in considerable numbers, wheeling round the ship just as if she were at anchor, whilst we were steaming at fully twenty miles an hour.

A little diversion is caused by the gambols of a school of porpoises, or by the near presence of a whale, whose course is easily followed by its regular spouting when coming to the surface to breathe.

Every day brings its pleasures, which add a new zest to life. Acquaintances ripen into friendships. When the time comes for parting we shall feel the separation, but console ourselves with the knowledge that the world has a wider interest for us in following the fortunes of our fellow voyagers.

We have been a very happy party, bright, and good-hearted. The officers, the stewards, the stewardesses, and the deck hands have shown an invariable readiness to promote our comfort, and have willingly assisted us in our little needs and amusements.

The captain was never prominently in evidence; the doctor's office was fortunately a sinecure; these two dined together in a quiet corner of the saloon, generally in the company of a friend or two. Of course we had the gentleman on board who is on intimate terms with the captain, who joins him at picquet, and is invited on to the bridge to talk over nautical manners, and to enjoy his confidences. Although he feels that he is a superior person, he retails all the captain's sayings and doings for our edification and for his own self-glorification.

On the outward voyage of storm and stress on board the "Umbria," fully three-fourths of the passengers were at one time prostrated with sea sickness. The doctor was busy night and day in ministering to the needs of the sufferers.

What a contrast! We enjoyed sunshine and warm breezes; the days on deck were daily rounds of pleasure, and personally I never heard of a single case of suffering.

We had need to be thankful, and to express our gratitude in a tangible form. Two young ladies, members of our own little coterie, voluntarily undertook the duty of raising subscriptions for the Seamen's

Orphans' Home. In the course of one evening their efforts resulted in the substantial sum of thirty-eight pounds, towards which the smoking room alone contributed nineteen pounds seven shillings. In announcing the result, a gentleman who had crossed and recrossed the Atlantic about forty times, said it was the largest sum he had ever known the smoking room to yield, except on the occasion of picking up shipwrecked passengers or crew.

We were off Queenstown in less than six days from New York, and here we parted with a genial Irish friend, who had had many exciting adventures in Canada and the States, who had been a companion on the "Umbria" as well as on the "Lucania," and who had taken an active part in our merry-making.

Early on Saturday morning, in miserable and drizzly weather, we cast anchor in the Mersey and were taken ashore in the tender, to be welcomed by friends who were awaiting our return.

We caught a convenient train for Torquay, and were comfortably ensconced at home in seven days and five hours after leaving New York—a week's voyage, from Saturday to Saturday.

Altogether we had covered a distance of eight thousand five hundred miles. We had been amply rewarded for the time we had spent, and the toil we had undergone. Truly America is a great country. We had been amazed at its wonderful resources; had marvelled at its great lakes and rivers, and internal communications; had visited some of its magnificent

educational and philanthropic institutions ; had admired the progress and energy of its people, and been deeply impressed with its possibilities of increased greatness in the near future. Everywhere friends and relatives had accorded us a hearty welcome.

Now we look back to an eventful experience in our lives, to which we shall always recur with pleasant memories—memories of a time fruitful in enlarged sympathies and added knowledge.





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